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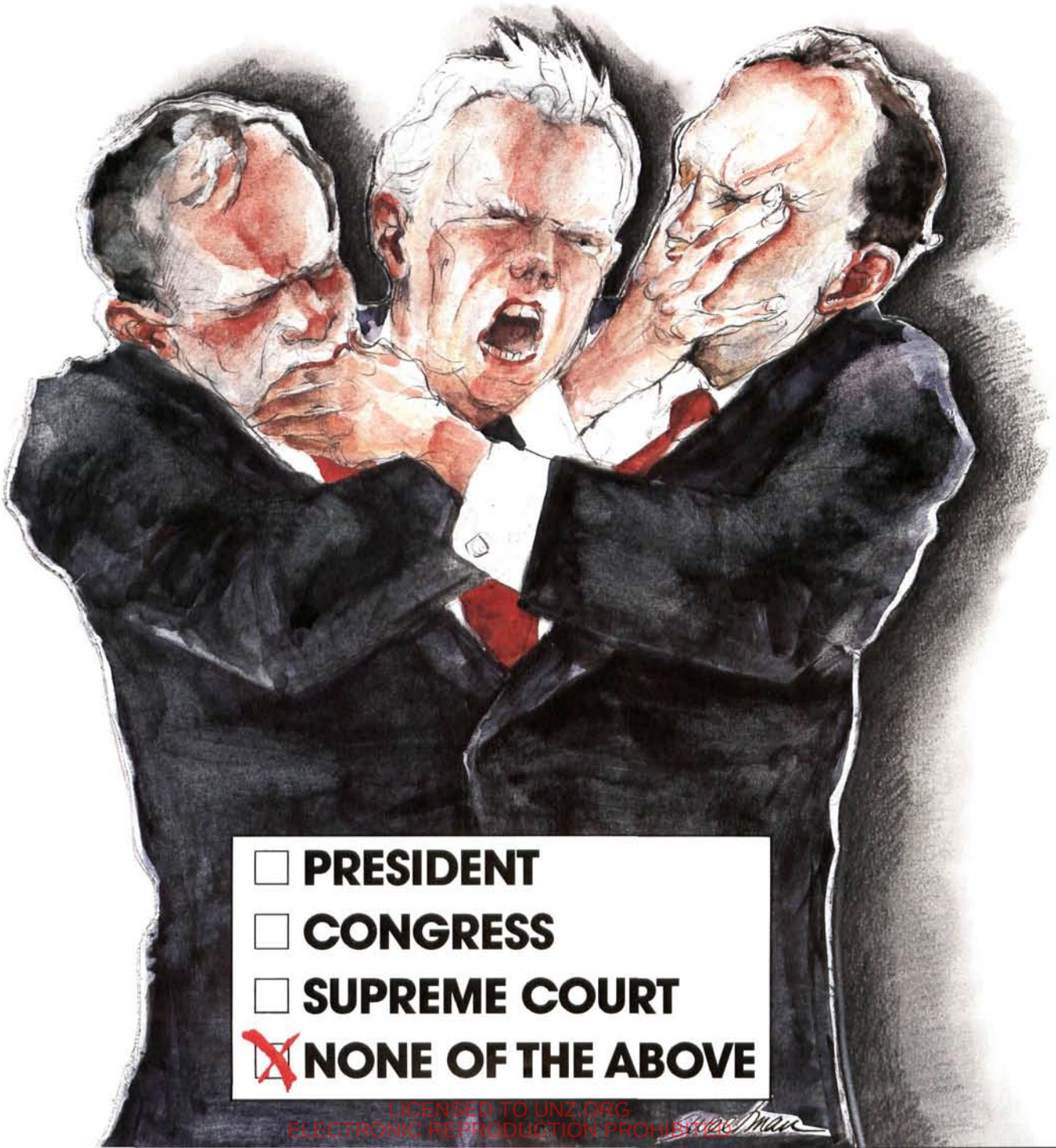
Chronicles

A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

WHO'S IN CHARGE?



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Chronicles
A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE
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On the Cover

Illustration on the cover and throughout the text by Daniel Sweetman.

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The Yalta agreement to give away Eastern Europe and Operation Keelhaul, which forcibly "repatriated" Russians and non-Russians to Stalin's tender mercies, were the end of a war that began as an effort to preserve the freedom of Poland. Much of the details of the sell-out are known, but much still remains hidden. Foremost among those who have attempted to drag the subject out into the light of day has been Count Nikolai Tolstoy, whose books *Victims of Yalta* and *Stalin's Secret War* detail not only Stalin's massacres in Eastern Europe but also the West's complicity. In his most recent book, *The Minister and the Massacres*, Count Tolstoy traced responsibility for the illegal repatriation (and death) of hundreds of thousands of Eastern European anti-Communists all the way to Harold Macmillan.

Tolstoy's recent work has been denounced (without being refuted) in Britain, but last fall the United States Business and Industrial Council Educational Foundation presented him with their first International Freedom Award in a ceremony at the National Press Club in Washington, DC. In his remarks, Count Tolstoy observed, "We all know about crimes committed by the Nazis and it's quite right we should. But the numerically greater crimes committed by the Soviets remain more or less distant, or even unknown, and unaccepted in the West. . . . It's much nicer to forget the sufferings of the people who live behind the Iron Curtain in intolerable conditions, who are totally at the mercy of an inhuman and lawless regime. It's horrible to keep having to remember and to keep on your guard, and be ready to fight against them."

Speaking of being on guard, the U.S. Business and Industrial Council also gained attention for opposing the nomination of C. William Verity as Secretary of Commerce. In his testimony, Council President Anthony Harrigan compared Verity with Armand Hammer as a businessman "closely associated with efforts to expand trade with the Soviets . . . and to eliminate strategic and human rights considerations in making trade deals with the Soviet regime."

When a group of 20 top Yugoslav intellectuals, artists, and academics recently signed a manifesto calling for true parliamentary democracy in Yugoslavia, Mikhail Gorbachev must have squirmed. So far, no Communist country has allowed its dissidents to demand free elections and the abolition of one-party rule, as did the authors of the November 25, 1987, Belgrade manifesto. Since Tito's death in 1980, however, his squabbling successors have not been able to match his unforgiving authority. Not for the lack of trying (over 500 political arrests last year), Yugoslav Communists are seeing self-management move right out of their hands, and they are not happy.

Nor are the Soviets. Not content with merely honing their intelligence network (General Ivan Krajacic, recently deceased personal friend of Tito, and Josip Kopinic, another friend and biographer, have never renounced their KGB posts), Soviets are continuing to publish articles on Yugoslavia in the domestic, or "fraternal countries," pages of their newspapers. More ominously, Yugoslav Communist luminaries have been repeatedly warned from Moscow to keep their grip or risk "fraternal assistance."

Communist, one-party Yugoslavia has always been regarded as a maverick both in the East and the West. Marshal Tito's break with the USSR in 1948 convinced many Western experts that Yugoslavia could go it alone as a nonaligned Communist state open to democratic influences. Americans were impressed by the apparent degree of free enterprise and self-management in the Yugoslav economy. But to Gorbachev and his predecessors, the 1948 disagreement was a *family* dispute. After close to 40 years, the Yugoslav brand of *glasnost* has led to nothing but economic ruin, political disintegration, ethnic strife, and increasing international isolation.

After many years of petition-writing, criticism, and countercriticism in semi-official and official press, arrests for "hostile propaganda," and numerous workers' strikes (hundreds alone in 1987), Yugoslav intellectual leadership has finally given voice to the mutterings of its people. Dobrica Cosic, Yugoslavia's greatest living novelist, Dr. Kosta Cavoski, constitutional expert and human rights lawyer, Dr. Mihajlo Markovic, internationally acclaimed Marxist theoretician, Dr. Gojko Nikolis, one-time Tito general, and others have embarked on a course of democratic dissent more far reaching than anything in pre-1968 Czechoslovakia, Solidarity Poland, Kadar's Hungary, or Gorbachev's Soviet Union. In addition, there is growing public sentiment for some kind of affiliation with the "bourgeois" West. For example, Slovenia and Croatia, two Yugoslav republics, have joined the Alpe-Adria, a Central European movement nostalgic for old Austro-Hungarian civic culture. Most Yugoslavs would have nothing against joining the Common Market.

Unfortunately, the U.S. State Department is acting as if nothing has changed in Yugoslavia since 1943, when General Mihajlovic, the first anti-Nazi guerrilla in Europe, was

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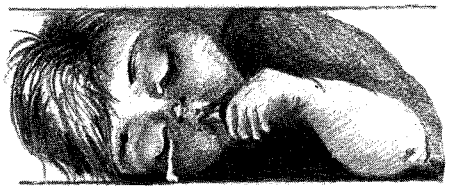
dropped by the Allies in favor of Tito, in a bid to mollify Stalin and ensure a "stable" Balkans. American credits and aid keep pouring into Yugoslavia, several billion dollars per annum, regardless of widespread arrests, intimidation, and persecution of all Yugoslavs not eager to toe the party line.

To Yugoslavs, grown cynical after Yalta and the 40 years of their "different Communism," what is happening (or not happening, in the case of the West) smacks suspiciously of the winks and smiles of a new international agreement (even if tacit) that nothing will be permitted to change in their condition, regardless of what they do. Western democracies, in their policy toward Yugoslavia, are missing an opportunity to effect a historic change — the first-time-ever rollback of a Communist dictatorship in a crucial strategic area. (MS)

Wall Street dominates the headlines, but the nation's long-term economic future may depend not on the Dow Jones Index but on the marriage rate. Forget Black Monday. More farsighted analysts now worry about all of the gray Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, when wedding bells are silent but divorce courts echo to the falling gavel. Since 1970, the American marriage rate has dropped 30 percent while the divorce rate has climbed 50 percent. The illegitimacy rate has doubled while more than one million American children now witness their parents' divorce each year.

Admittedly, economists haven't paid much attention to the state of matrimony in the past. But a study recently conducted at Cornell University and the University of Utah shows why they're starting to. Writing in *The Journal of Consumer Affairs*, researchers noted that female-headed households respond far less effectively to market events than do husband-wife households. "As the proportion of female-headed households rises in this country," they warn, "there should be a general decline in the demand for household assets."

The country could suffer other serious economic dislocations because of the national retreat from marriage. *Advertising Age* recently fretted about how markets will soon dwindle for many industries because of falling birthrates. Military leaders confront a different but related problem: holding down recruitment costs as the number of available young men declines. Demographers generally trace the "birth dearth" in America and Europe to fewer and less-stable marriages. Stanford sociologist Kingsley Davis has even suggested that further erosion of marriage may mean that "industrial societies will not survive."



Over 10 million children — the victims of America's turn against marriage — now live in one-parent homes, and more than one third of them live below the official poverty line; many more live perilously close. Compared to children from intact families, children of one-parent households are more likely to fail in school, to be involved in crime (as both victims and perpetrators), and to depend upon welfare as adults. Because children raised in one-parent homes typically do not form successful marriages, the dismal pattern reproduces itself.

Economic perils of another sort loom ahead as a declining number of youthful workers must pay for the health benefits for a growing number of unmarried elderly. Numerous studies have shown that — compared to married people — unmarried people suffer from worse health and require longer hospitalization for the same diseases.

But how to reverse the trend away from marriage? Government leaders cannot legislate cultural attitudes, but they can rethink a number of the antimarital policies adopted in recent decades. Simply to decide that encouraging marriage is a national priority would reshape public discussion of many issues.

Tax policy provides an excellent example. Largely because of groundless fears about a "population bomb" during the 1960's and 1970's, tax burdens once borne by the single and childless were deliberately shifted onto married couples with children. The Tax Reform Act of 1986 only partly corrected this injustice. In order to help marriages with children, policymakers could double the personal exemption to $4,000 for dependent children, still leaving the exemption well below its inflation-adjusted 1948 value.

Current debates over welfare reform might also be put onto a different track if marriage-formation were identified as an objective. Social historian Maris Vinovskis of the University of Michigan has even proposed subsidizing teen marriage as a way of stopping the welfare-illegitimacy cycle. While the proposal does raise questions about government entanglement in private life, the idea may have merit, particularly if linked to some kind of "affirmative action" program for young fathers.

Finally, despite contrary political pressures, it may be necessary to confront the antimarital consequences of the government's experiments in sex-role engineering over the past two decades. Whatever the benefits for individual women, the legal war against "sexism" has probably hurt marriage, since most sociologists agree that while traditional sex roles facilitate marriage, aggressively equalized ones do not. Indeed, raising the depressed marriage rate within the black community may require programs specifically designed to help black men assume traditional breadwinning roles. (BC)

In the forthcoming issue of *Chronicles*:

Homage to T.S. Eliot

"Poetry returns to epic. As in all epic, the poem tells a story transfigured by myth. Furthermore, it's an epic that includes the present age; which is why it is also a film, a news report, a chronicle. . . .
Symbolism had expelled history from the poem; with *The Waste Land* the poem returns to historic and concrete time. Time: man as the incarnation of time and the conscience of history."

— from "Ceremonies in the Catacombs" by Octavio Paz

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THE STATECRAFT OF STOOGES

by Thomas Fleming

The speaker of the House of Representatives negotiates cordially with a Marxist dictator at the very time when the American government is sending aid to an armed resistance movement fighting to overthrow his regime; a political preacher flies to the Middle East and discusses the most sensitive foreign policy issues with unfriendly heads of state; the son of a Communist Party member becomes rich by negotiating with Lenin and turns into a one-man Soviet-American public relations team, boasting that "the Hot Line is no longer only in the basement of the White House"; American physicians link arms with their Soviet counterparts in the struggle for world peace; communities across the U.S. declare themselves "nuclear free zones" and attempt to interfere with the transport of weapons and matériel vital to the nation's defense; churches claiming the privileges of a tax-exempt status interfere in the political process by lobbying and encouraging their members to violate the law for the sake of a higher law that is revealed only to them.

What is going on in a country that manages to tolerate the shenanigans of Jim Wright, Jesse Jackson, Armand Hammer, Dr. Bernard Lown, and "sanctuary" churches? The easy answer is that some of these people are conscious subversives who know how to manipulate public opinion (i.e., the press) and avert the lynch mob they deserve. Some, perhaps, but not all. There are sanctuary workers, for example, who think they are good Americans whose only "crime" is their commitment to scriptural commandments. They write touching accounts of their kindly ministrations to illegal immigrants; at least, they would be touching if they were not filled with an arrogant contempt for law and national interest. Still, they are *mostly* not conscious agents of a foreign power, not really guilty of anything that the law of the United States recognizes as treason.

The crime of treason has always presented a problem for Americans. The Constitution specifies only the levying of

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war and the giving of aid and comfort to enemies. This restraint is a marked departure from the British legal traditions in which the Framers were educated. The treason statutes of Britain included not only such obvious crimes as any intent to kill, wound, or imprison the king or his heirs, and any attempt to depose him or levy war against him, but also the use of force to overawe the king and/or his parliament in order to change policies. Those who planned and led riots, if (like Lord George Gordon's) their demonstrations had a political objective, could find themselves condemned as traitors. The alternative was a death sentence under the Riot Act.

The most obvious motive for the Framers' moderation is their own consciousness of having participated in a treasonable conspiracy against king and parliament. The weakness of our treason law is manifest in the failure to get a conviction in the case of Aaron Burr, who asked the British government for $500,000 and a squadron of ships to be used in the conquest of New Orleans. True, not all the evidence was available, and Chief Justice John Marshall did not help matters by openly siding with the defendant as a political move against Jefferson, but in any other country Aaron Burr and his confederates would have been speedily put to death. Burr was at least brought to trial, but nothing was done to the New England Federalists who not only conspired to secede during the War of 1812, but—worse—also entered into negotiations with the British during the most serious crisis our nation has ever faced. The delegates to the Hartford Convention had to suffer only the ridicule from their colleagues in the Congress, but no formal charges were made even against such ringleaders as Timothy Pickering, who had held regular meetings with a British agent and had gone so far as to arrange a letter drop in London to facilitate his treasonable correspondence.

Pickering is an interesting case, because there is no doubt about his knowledge of the law. As secretary of state under John Adams, he was largely responsible for the passage of the Logan Act (1799), which makes it a crime for citizens to enter into peace negotiations with foreign nations. Significantly, the act was titled "An Act to Prevent Usurpation of Executive Functions." While the Logan Act has never been enforced—even against the man who demanded its passage—it has never been repealed either. It remains our only official proclamation on the subject of citizen diplomacy. When Henry Wallace used his position as former Vice President to stir up foreign opposition to the Truman Doctrine, the Act was remembered. The threat to invoke it may well have warned off imitators, that is, until recently. In his defense, we ought to concede that Jesse Jackson had probably never heard of either the Logan Act or Henry Wallace.

Supporters of private peace initiatives are impatient with the legal niceties. There is an ethical point at stake, they claim, and cite Dwight Eisenhower—that great cold warrior who gave peace to Korea and security to Hungary—who once declared that "People want peace so much that one of these days government had better get out of their way and give it to them." Why didn't he and John Foster Dulles just resign or turn over the State Department to the Junior Chamber of Commerce?

After a century's worth of Presidents like Woodrow Wilson and Warren Harding, Franklin Roosevelt and Herbert Hoover, it is small wonder if many Americans are beginning to suspect that private citizens could do a better job in foreign affairs; but the democratic quality of our highest leadership—men of mediocre education, common vision, and average ethical standards—does not suggest that what we really need is more democracy in the conduct of foreign policy. The Athenians tried mob rule as a substitute for government and destroyed themselves.

If our governors have become impossibly corrupt and unbelievably stupid, then we may need to rethink the mechanisms by which they are selected. Too much democracy was the great fear of the Framers, and they designed a system that could resist some of the follies of popular government—the electoral college, the indirect election of senators, a national government limited in the scope of its mischief-making. We dismantled all those safeguards and are now faced with a choice between Gary Hart and George Bush, at best. It makes one long for the days of Millard Fillmore or that much-maligned gentleman, Franklin Pierce. The Democrats could not construct even half a man out of all their announced candidates, and three of the Republicans' best men—Robertson, Dupont, Haig—do not stand the slightest chance.

There are deep and serious problems in a system that could propel a Jimmy Carter into any high office, and there are deep and serious flaws in the character of a nation that will tolerate such incompetents and impostors as fill the Senate and the governors' mansions of the several states. We face an enormous crisis in our international position: deteriorating relations with our European allies, a wily Soviet adversary who knows how to manipulate the American press, and an impending economic recession; and we are forced—at this time of national emergency—to rely on the talents of men who might have staffed the administrations of Romulus Augustulus or the Byzantine Emperors who let their country fall into the hands of the Latins.

When any regime is falling apart—Rome in the 5th century, Byzantium in the 12th, France in the 18th, the Weimar Republic—there is a scramble for power in a game that is open to anyone willing to play. In Byzantium it was the feudal military leaders and the civil bureaucrats; in France it was the liberal nobility and the lawyers; in the U.S. it is anybody's game. The executive, legislative, and judicial leaders are all so busy increasing their own power, they have little time—supposing they had the talent and inclination—for governing the nation.

Imagine Moe, Larry, and Curly presiding over the three branches of government. Dressed in the solemn regalia of their offices, they chase each other around the Capitol, poking each other in the eye as they slap wallpaper over all the doors and windows. While the boys are pulling noses and sticking heads in vices, any number of outsiders are learning how to set up their own versions of government: multinational corporations, lobbying groups, lunatic fringe political movements—racists and feminists, primarily—and the countless religious and secular organizations currently promoting citizen diplomat tours to the Soviet Union. The way things are going, we may as well vote for Jesse Jackson and get it over with.

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THE (POLITICALLY) SUPREME COURT

by Jack D. Douglas

The great sound and fury over the nomination of Robert Bork to the U.S. Supreme Court included many grand proclamations from all sides concerning the original intentions of the constitutionalists and the relevance of those intentions to our society today. It is clear to anyone with a modicum of knowledge about the great issues involved that there are rational grounds for sincere disagreements on these matters. Many of us believe, for example, that Judge Bork's "legal positivism" denies the basic ideas of human nature, conscience, and natural rights that form the very foundation of the Constitution. Others would insist that he does not allow for sufficient interpretation to meet emergent and urgent social trends. But the most obvious fact of all to anyone really concerned with the original intentions and with the practical problems today of governing our society by law, rather than by the impassioned sparring of politicians for advantages, is that the entire proceedings were a travesty of the original intention in providing for the consent of the Senate to appointments to the federal bench.

The basic purpose of making the federal judges appointees of the President and contingent upon the consent of the Senate, rather than making them elected officials, was to buffer or insulate them from the partisan passions of politics. Archibald Cox, one of the foremost liberal interpreters of the Constitution, has forcefully stated the vital importance of this basic purpose today: "If the federal judiciary loses its independence through gradual politicization—if the people come to see the court as just one more policy-making body—it will lose the capacity to render authoritative decisions upon the great questions of governmental structure and individual liberty left unanswered by the framers."

Regardless of our differing analyses of Professor Bork and his principles, no reasonable observer of the mass-mediated Senate proceedings will deny that they have been a raging vortex of political passion. Any sincere historical scholar will also testify that our Supreme Court appointments have been periodically swept up in such vortices for most of this century, but that the Court's sweeping liberal interpretations in recent decades have fired those passions and that the passions have grown more fierce since two of Richard Nixon's conservative nominees were rejected. Judge Bork's nomination has become a miniature Dreyfus Affair ripping our already tattered national consensus and blinding the politicians to the whole legal rationale for their authority to confirm judges.

Archibald Cox has strongly decried these growing political passions and the part played in arousing them by the sweeping liberal decisions of the court: "From 1950 to 1974, the court was mandating major institutional changes not only in the administration of justice but in the larger society. The desegregation cases reordered society through-

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out large regions. The reapportionment cases upset ancient political arrangements. The school prayer cases banished a practice familiar to generations of students. Each made ours a very much more human society, more equal, freer, and more respectful of individual dignity. Each was in keeping with the main currents of American history. Yet the resulting politicization raises concerns about the institutional costs of using judicial decisions so often to go so far so fast. If politically conservative justices come to be a majority, they will have to choose between greater restraint and a form of judicial activism not very different from that of their more liberal predecessors."

Animosities inspired by the Supreme Court are strong evidence that we are now a highly politicized nation in which the actions of our federal courts have vast impacts on our everyday lives. It was only about 60 years ago that Calvin Coolidge observed, "If the Federal Government should go out of existence, the common run of people would not detect the difference in the affairs of their daily life for a considerable length of time." Today the exact opposite is true, and one of the inevitable effects of the concentration of vast power in Washington is that Supreme Court decisions are important to us all.

But there are at least two other major causes for the political passions in these deliberations. The more important is the revolution that has taken place in the very meaning of "law" to most legal scholars, judges, and lawyers. The constitutionalists were imbued with the belief that human beings are able to reason and exercise free will to constrain the animal passions of human nature, including the passions of political factionalism. They knew well from their great knowledge of history that these passions are very powerful, but they believed it possible to devise a system of checks and balances in which men of goodwill who understood the dangers of such political passions, and who made their decisions within the constraints of experience, would be able to transcend them sufficiently to prevent a tyranny by mobs or by one faction from emerging. They saw law as the accumulation of the wisdom of commonsense experience and judges as the men of reason and scholarship who could interpret those historical precedents to fit emerging situations and, thereby, constrain the animal passions, especially the most powerful of all, the ferocious lust for power unleashed by all political factionalism. They believed, however, that judges could do this *only* if they deliberated and decided within the constraints of reason and scholarship, and *only* if they were chosen outside the vortex of political passions and then buffered from such passions by such devices as lifetime tenure and privacy in their deliberations.

It soon became apparent in the great controversies over federal powers that erupted over decisions by the Marshall court that the constitutionalists had underestimated the degree to which the political forces of our teeming and rambunctiously changing democracy would impinge on the decisions of the Supreme Court. Judges in the early decades were more swayed by personal and political partisanship than expected; in a few instances even major decisions by earlier courts were overturned by later ones, a procedure that violated the ideal of judicial decisions made in the full wisdom of accumulated legal precedents.

Nevertheless, the Justices on the whole did seem to be buffered from political passions and those in the later 19th century were much more scholarly and constrained in their decisions, a development that owed much to the increased scholarly standards of American law in general. Their decisions were generally made in the ancient tradition of the common law, that is, they made their decisions "at the margin," cautiously adapting the ancient commonsense wisdom of the whole body of laws and precedents to the emerging, most lasting, and seemingly most wise social trends. While not many of the Justices attained the universality of Solomonic wisdom, few, if any, sought to change the whole course of the society by creating radically new interpretations of the accumulated wisdom. Right up to the New Deal, the vast majority of attacks on the Court were for supposed crimes of conservatism—"dragging their feet" against popular passions. The whole idea of law and judiciousness, as understood by the constitutionalists and by the majority of Americans today, has always been to *conserve* the wisdom of the ages, to conciliate and compromise sincere differences, and to be a bulwark against the evil passions that so easily sweep over us—threatening to sweep away *all* rights—in political warfare.

Today there is still a minority of legal scholars, judges, and lawyers who hold firmly to this classical liberal and moderate (Whig) conservative idea of law and judicial decisions, while there is an even smaller minority of politicians (most of whom are also lawyers) who agree with them, if less firmly. But the dominant majority of the legal professors and politicians now take it for granted that the constitutionalists were wrong. They assume, without examining the vast evidence from all civilizations, that law and judicial decisions are predominantly determined—*caused*—by political interests and passions and that, consequently, judicial decisions cannot to any significant degree be buffered from and transcend the political passions. (They share a kind of watered-down version of the economic determinism of Marxist theory that is now firmly embedded in the positivist, structuralist, and "critical" theories of the social sciences and history that are dominant in our law schools and "elite" universities in general, but the explanation of their views is not our purpose here.)

This revolution in legal philosophy is not a figment of conservative dread. It is a fact both admitted and hailed by honest liberal jurists. In his biography of Earl Warren, G. Edward White, who served as a law clerk to the Chief Justice, is explicit in showing that Warren, in his "mission to do justice," had little concern for the Constitution or precedents. In *How Courts Govern America*, Richard Neely, a member of the West Virginia Supreme Court, argued that courts do, must, and should govern the nation by exceedingly liberal interpretations and provided practical guidelines for doing so. As he concluded: "Once we are willing to admit that courts have political roles which are dictated by the nature of other institutions, we can begin to speak to those roles directly and not in the slave language of constitutional interpretations, statutory construction, or result-oriented standards of review dressed up as neutral principles. . . . So the limits on court power in government are not set by either constitutional theory or discoverable law, but rather by the tolerance of the countervailing

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powers. What happens when Plato's millennium of the philosopher kings actually arrives, I am not sure."

The basic principle is obvious enough: Power makes right, as Thrasymachus put it; or as America's liberal judges put it today, when they are as honest as Neely, the meaning of the law is what judges say it is, until someone exerts greater political force to constrain them. (Judge Neely is a graduate of Yale Law School and is quite conservative compared to some of the "critical legal theorists" ensconced at Harvard Law School. Critical theorists believe the whole idea of "law," as defined by the constitutionalists, is both ludicrous and a weapon in class conflict. Their whole idea of "law" is best summarized as "dog eat dog." By comparison, Vladimir Illych was a conservative.)

The second great change in this century that has exacerbated this politicization of the Supreme Court was produced by the 17th Amendment adopted in 1913. Since it was crucial to the whole intent of the constitutionalists to remove the appointment of Supreme Court justices as much from partisan politics as possible, while remaining consistent with the idea of checking their power with the always more important power of the voters, the Constitution made their appointment contingent on approval of the Senate, not the House of Representatives. It is now generally forgotten that the Senate itself was intended to be removed more from the partisan political vortex by making them six-year appointees of the state legislatures, while the House, intended to be the more immediate representatives of the wills of the people, was the only directly elected body of the federal government. The Senate, then, was to be buffered from political passions of the day by making the senators appointees with six years of tenure (which on average would allow them to ride out the impassioned cries and tumults of "mobs" in the streets and of journalists in the popular press). When the Constitution was amended to make the senators direct political representatives of the people, a crucial buffer was destroyed.

Many lesser factors contributed as well to this growing immersion of the Court in political passions. Our Presidents, who were themselves originally intended to be appointees of the electoral college and who, until the rise of Big Government in this century, were not generally terribly important, are now at the center of the vortex of factional passions. Again, the growing importance of mass media reports on the Court, including investigative burrowing that has all but destroyed the privacy of deliberations, has put tremendous pressures on the justices. With few exceptions, justices in the last century were hardly known and were commonly thought of as beetle-browed scholars. Today they are more likely to be celebrities and are sometimes referred to irreverently as "The Brethren" or "The Supremes," analogies which equate them with either mafioso conspirators or choruses of cacophonous sentimentality. As if the problems of aging were not bad enough, justices today find their pulse rates and prostates in the daily headlines, which is a constant reminder that the journalists and politicians *assume* them to be political hacks filling political hot seats and casting ideological hot coals at the rest of us.

The mass-mediation of the political maelstrom surrounding the nomination of Judge Bork has been a travesty of the original intent of the constitutionalists and of the entire idea of law and judicial decision-making that is the very foundation of our Constitution. This "political circus" is precisely the kind of embittered factionalism that undermines all rule by law and eventually turns the law and judges into laughingstocks among people of reason. If we Americans seriously intend to become a "banana republic" or a people ruled by the iron tyranny of one party in which constitutions and laws are mere shams to hide political passions and personal corruptions, then we should by all means continue along this path to the politicization of the law and our judges.

But most Americans still believe in the great purposes for which the Constitution was instituted, and we still believe that law and judicious decisions are vital to achieving those purposes. We cannot long tolerate such travesties, even when we do not personally fully approve of those nominated to be our justices. Perhaps we shall eventually manage to depoliticize our nation by returning to restrained government in general, so that government and court appointments will not be matters of life and death. But I doubt that we can wait for that day of deliverance, especially when politicians like Senators Teddy Kennedy and Arlen Specter, and even some scholars like Archibald Cox, tell us that the radical changes produced by sweeping Supreme Court decisions in recent decades cannot be undone because that would constitute politicization of the courts. When judicial conservativism becomes the last bulwark of defense of an already achieved judicial revolution, we are at the Mad Hatter's tea party, where neither law nor reason reigns and where any political passion is justified.

The political changes of this century, including the direct election of senators and Presidents, have progressively destroyed the buffers of judicial decision-making. What we now see in full force—and so obviously in the "delibera-

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tions" of the Senate over Professor Bork's nomination — is a circus of political factionalism. The decisions on the Supreme Court are now being made by the collusion of special-interest groups and politicians frothing at the microphones for the sake of votes. The political factionalism in some instances is so rank and so obvious that some of the politicians have literally dashed from mob rallies and mass-media presentations to their judicial committee hearings and back again, all in the same day.

Today it is not we the people in the streets who constitute a faction-ridden mob. The vast majority of us have remained calm and judicious. The "impassioned mob" that the constitutionalists so feared is now the politicians themselves, their impassioned special interests, and their journalists hiding behind a mask of objectivity. Indeed, since most of the politicians are themselves lawyers who reject our whole constitutional idea of law and judicial decision-making, they have become a rabid countercultural faction attacking the very foundation of our legal institutions and ideas.

There is one simple and obvious way in which we can check their unrestrained political factionalism and restore to our Supreme Court the balance that has been destroyed in this century. We can elect our Supreme Court justices directly, rather than leave their selection up to the professional politicians who do not even share our idea of law and who lie and riot rather than deliberate honest differences.

The election of judges is certainly not a panacea, but neither is it as perilous as proceeding down the path we are now traveling. For better or worse, law and judges are vastly more important to us Americans than they are in any other democracies. We do not have the degree of cultural consensus that most of them have evolved over the eons. We must have a modicum of consensus on our laws and legal proceedings, one that is as sheltered from the whirlwind of selfish political passions as possible. Our history makes it plain that, as Zechariah Chafee Jr. said, the expression of popular will has often destroyed freedom. But that same history also makes it clear that over the long run our popular will is far more protective of our freedoms and of our institutional bulwarks against tyranny than is the will of the political mob in Washington. That, after all, is why the Founding Fathers launched this perilous experiment in constitutional, republican democracy; and why Professor Chafee and almost all other American legal scholars have seen our will as rightly the ultimate authority.

We can extricate our Supreme Court judges from the clash of political passions that now dominates our Senate by electing them directly to their lifetime positions. We can be very sure, in view of recent events, that they will be given careful scrutiny by most of us. We cannot fail to be more judicious in our voting than venial senators. These elections can be held as the occasion of retirement, incapacity, or death demands, which will be less frequent than presidential elections and will rarely coincide with such events that might cloud our considerations. The Supreme Court justices could in turn choose lower court judges, thus insulating them more from unwholesome political passions and ensuring a vast reservoir of judicial talent for eventual election to the highest court. In this way our Supreme Court might become a Board of Legal Directors providing real checks on the power of our Presidents and our legislators.

Law and justice are too important to leave them up to politicians. However perilous our experiment in democratic checks and balances, we now seem to have little recourse but to trust to our own eternal vigilance and our arduous quest for wisdom in selecting leaders of greatest wisdom and justice. As Michael Kammen recently reminded us, "Although the founders differed over many important matters, they shared a belief that the constitutional system created between 1787 and 1791 . . . should be fully comprehensible to the American people." However able we are at understanding the more technical legal questions of the Constitution, there can be little doubt that we are more capable of understanding and appreciating the qualifications needed in judges than the politicians driven by blind ambition, swept away by greed, groveling for fame, and lusting after power.

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WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE? *by Samuel Francis*

America, in case you haven't noticed, is lost in the throes of celebrating the writing of its Constitution, which is now two centuries old. The somewhat labored efforts to fix public attention on the historic document are largely the work of former Chief Justice Warren Burger and his own private bureaucracy in the Commission on the Bicentennial of the U.S. Constitution, as well as the legal profession, the mass media, and the usual contingent of do-gooding schoolteachers who have temporarily suspended their instruction in the intricacies of sexuality and collective guilt over what we did to the Indians, blacks, women, and buffaloes and are now passionately handing out trivia quizzes on the color of James Madison's socks.

But the national rapture over our fundamental law does not match the fevers manufactured a few years ago when we observed the centennials of the War Between the States and the American War for Independence. War, wrote Thomas Hardy, makes ripping good history, but it also makes for historic rip-offs every hundred years or so, when we pine for the return of bloodshed fraught with moral import. Somehow the sober deliberations of the Framers in the Philadelphia Convention just don't stir the glands like Gettysburg and Bunker Hill, and the attempts of public officials to instruct us in the minutiae of the Framers' debates come off rather like the efforts of earnest mothers who insist on reading their children old-fashioned fairy tales when the urchins would much prefer the Saturday morning cartoons.

Among the year's festivities have been some rather glum proceedings in the U.S. Congress having to do with the Constitution and its proper interpretation. The recently concluded necktie party that passed as the Senate Judiciary Committee's hearings on Judge Robert Bork dealt tangentially with this matter, but more expansively on the character and personality of the jurist who was unwise enough to allow his name to come under the purview of the committee. Although it did not appear in the hearing record, information revealed by one of the lesser lights of Washington journalism, *The City Paper*, helped set the tone of the inquiry. Its reporters managed to procure a list of video films that Judge Bork had rented, and proceeded to regale their readers with the titles. They seemed to be mainly Alfred Hitchcock films of the 1940's, and some disappointment was expressed that the nominee was not a fan of "Story of

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O" or "Ilse, She-Wolf of the S.S." The District of Columbia City Council quickly developed legislation to forbid video stores from releasing information on the films their patrons rent, and given the probable tastes of Mayor Marion Barry and the several members of his administration who have been jailed for corruption since he entered office, the legislation was probably wise.

The other main celebration of the Constitution by the Congress was the now largely forgotten Iran-Contra hearings, which raised to stardom Oliver North, Daniel Inouye, Fawn Hall, and other luminaries who today seem as distant as Halley's Comet, and which immersed itself in the metaphysics of something known as the Boland Amendments and the mystery of why Col. North purchased his snow tires. The distinguished chairman of the joint committee, hailing from sun-drenched Hawaii, could not have been expected to understand the purpose of such paraphernalia, though one would have thought that living in the vicinity of Washington for some 28 years would have served to inform him. My own guess as to the motives of the combat officer-turned-bagman—sadly disproved by subsequent events—was that he planned to necklace two members of the committee when he finally appeared before it.

Yet for all its irrelevance, the joint committee did broach a subject of some significance for the republic. The attentive citizen could discern, well-disguised by the protracted caterwauling emitted by the senators, congressmen, and their flying squadrons of counsels and investigators, the kernel of a constitutional crisis centering on the problem of who—the President or the Congress—is properly in charge of American foreign policy. The debate was duly joined in the national media, and if the hearings themselves were not very helpful in answering the question, a good deal was learned from those writers who offered their own views to public scrutiny.

In general, the ideological breakdown of those who expressed themselves on whether the Congress or the President should have authority over a foreign policy that seems to consist of the systematic violation or evasion of treaty commitments, the incremental massacre and abduction of U.S. citizens and soldiers, the abandonment of allies, the gradual surrender of power and territory, and the higher bribery known as foreign aid was that conservatives almost universally supported the claims of the presidency, while liberals equally unanimously upheld the rights of Congress. Defenders of Mr. Reagan and his Central American policies held that the Boland Amendments, which sought to restrict or curtail U.S. funding of the Nicaraguan anti-Communist guerrillas, were unconstitutional invasions by the Congress into what they made out was a unilateral presidential prerogative of designing and implementing foreign policy. Liberals, on the other hand, firmly upheld the legality and propriety of the amendments as well as of other congressional measures, such as the War Powers Act of 1973, that constrain the ability of the President to carry out a policy without congressional permission. The most articulate of the progressive set murmured darkly about "another Vietnam" and drew grim pictures of a White House, National Security Council, and CIA once more out of control, stampeding about the world in intrigues with ayatollahs, shady arms merchants, professional assassins, and miscellaneous desperadoes of the international demimonde.

Given the partisan complexion of the Iran-Contra controversy, this breakdown was not surprising. Conservatives understandably defended the propriety of Mr. Reagan or his lieutenants seeking to preserve a semblance of freedom in Central America from a Congress that refuses to recognize the nature of a "peoples' democracy" guided by commissars imported from Havana and Moscow, while liberals, whatever ideals remain in their jaded hearts, understandably sought to weaken their most powerful and successful foe to occupy the White House in this century.

"To deal with Nicaragua as though it were bound by the rights and obligations of U.S. law is indeed an absurdity, but to determine who is ultimately responsible for defending U.S. policy is an essential question that must be settled by law."

What is perhaps more surprising about this breakdown is that it represents a complete reversal of the positions assumed by liberals and conservatives on the issue of congressional-presidential powers in foreign policy in the 1950's and 60's. When, in September 1983, the U.S. Senate debated the War Powers Act and its applicability to Mr. Reagan's deployment of U.S. Marines in Lebanon, Sen. Barry Goldwater, defending the President's power to dispatch troops without congressional permission, was reduced to the ignominy of citing Dean Acheson, Harry Truman, and Franklin Roosevelt as authorities for his view that "once the military forces are established and equipped, it is for the President alone to decide how to deploy and use those forces." Sen. Goldwater, in the later parts of his career, never tired of excoriating the Rev. Jerry Falwell, Sen. Jesse Helms, and kindred souls among his colleagues in the Senate, and other figures of the "New Right" for their alleged deviations from conservative orthodoxy as defined by himself, although in the principal statement of that orthodoxy in 1960 he lamented that "The Achesons and Larsons have had their way. . . . Inside the federal government both the executive and judicial branches have roamed far outside their constitutional boundary lines," and he had correctly pointed out the intentions of the Framers in "dispersing public authority among several levels and branches of government in the hope that each seat of authority, jealous of its own prerogatives, would have a natural incentive to resist aggression by others." As late as 1978, Sen. Goldwater's name appeared as the author of a learned study published by The Heritage Foundation that argued against the legality of President Carter's claim to the right of abrogating the Mutual Defense Treaty with the Republic of China.

Yet it is not necessary to cite "Mr. Conservative" in his dotage to show that American conservatives seem to have experienced an animadversion. Walter Berns, distinguished neo-conservative writer and disciple of Leo Strauss, writing in the *Washington Times* on June 3, 1987, expressed the view that "The Framers . . . knew, what some members of Congress today seem unwilling to admit, that much as one might like to do everything by or by means of law, the conduct of foreign affairs especially cannot be subjected to

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the rules of law." He defended this proposition with reference to John Locke's precepts on the "power to act according to discretion for the public good, without the prescription of law and sometimes against it," and by citing Abraham Lincoln's multifarious wartime violations of law and Constitution, which show that "Somewhere in the interstices of the Constitution, apparently—the alternative is to regard Lincoln as some sort of usurper or dictator—the president is vested with a power that, in some circumstances, resembles or approximates Locke's prerogative." Dr. Berns made much of the ruling of Justice George Sutherland in U.S. v. *Curtiss Wright Export Corporation*, a New Deal-era decision that recognized in the President the "sole organ of the federal government in the field of international relations" and which has become the classic Supreme Court case on the subject of presidential power in foreign policy.

Perhaps an even more aggressive statement of the doctrine of presidential supremacy in foreign affairs was offered by Dennis Teti, a staff member of the Iran-Contra committee itself, in the Fall 1987 issue of *Policy Review*. While acknowledging that "Congress has a genuine but subordinate role to play in the formulation of foreign policy," Mr. Teti argued: "A close look at the Constitution shows that, while the executive branch does not possess the entirety of foreign policy power, it has most of it. Under Article II, 'executive power' is lodged in the president. By definition the executive power comprehends the conduct of foreign policy. The Framers found it unnecessary to define the term, but the inclusion of foreign policy under executive power is discussed at length in John Locke's *Two Treatises of Government*, a fundamental source for the Founders."

Aside from the utility of such views in contemporary policy disputes, however, there is little merit in them from the perspective of traditional constitutional theory. Contrary to Mr. Teti's assertion of the implicit powers of the executive branch in foreign policy, the text of the Constitution rather clearly grants to the Congress expansive powers in this area as well as in defense matters and only restricted responsibilities to the President. Article I, section 8 states that "the Congress shall have power to . . . provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States . . . to borrow money on the credit of the United States . . . to regulate commerce with foreign nations . . . to define and punish piracies and felonies committed on the high seas, and offenses against the law of nations . . . to declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal, and make rules concerning captures on land and water . . . to raise and support armies . . . to provide and maintain a navy . . . to make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces . . . to provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections and repel invasions . . . [and] to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers, and all other powers vested by this Constitution in the Government of the United States, or in any department or officer thereof."

The same article also forbids to the states any powers in foreign policy, and the next article governs the very limited foreign policy prerogatives granted to the President. These consist only of being the Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy, the power "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators concur," and the power to "nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate . . . [to] appoint ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls." It may be noted that Alexander Hamilton in *Federalist No. 69* considered the power of receiving ambassadors to be "more a matter of dignity than authority" and "without consequence in the administration of the government." The very carefully expressed congressional limitations on the foreign policy powers of the President and the specific authorization of extensive foreign policy powers for the Congress suggest almost conclusively that the Framers had no intention of permitting the executive branch to carry out a foreign policy that contravened the wishes of the Congress or at least of the Senate, and that they intended the Congress to take a major role in the conduct of international relations and national defense.

The argument that Locke's view of executive powers is in some way germane to the meaning of the Constitution is not only without merit but borders on absurdity. Whatever Locke may have thought about executive power or the conduct of foreign policy, it was not, according to constitutional historian Forrest McDonald, from his *Two Treatises on Government* that the Framers derived their view of executive power, but from Sir William Blackstone. "Experience," writes McDonald, "was not an adequate guide, for their experience with colonial and state governors was largely irrelevant to the task presently at hand. Hume was silent on the subject, Montesquieu muddled, Locke too general. That left Blackstone's description of the royal prerogative as the only readily available account of what had traditionally been regarded as the executive power in a mixed form of government." The English jurist did indeed acknowledge that the executive power, lodged under the British constitution in the crown, included the conduct of foreign relations and of war, including the right to declare war and make treaties without preliminary consent. Obviously, the Framers did not provide the American presidency with such powers, nor with the absolute veto of the British king, which also belonged to the executive power in Blackstone's view.

Dr. Berns's belief that "the conduct of foreign affairs especially cannot be subjected to the rules of law" has merit, though it is not a constitutional argument and might give pause to other nations contemplating making treaties with the United States. Conservatives also might pause to consider the implications of foreign policy powers, lodged exclusively in the chief executive and exempt from the constraints of law, as they would be exercised by a President Jesse Jackson or Michael Dukakis. Nevertheless, the question does not really concern the application of legalism to foreign policy but rather the determination of which branch of government is legally responsible for the conduct of foreign relations. To deal with Nicaragua as though it were bound by the rights and obligations of U.S. law is indeed an absurdity, but to determine who in the U.S. government is ultimately responsible for defining U.S. policy toward Nicaragua is an essential question that must be settled by law in a state pretending to the title of a constitutional republic.

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Nor is the appeal to Justice Sutherland's opinion in *U.S. v. Curtiss Wright Export Corporation* a sound basis for the doctrine of executive supremacy. Raoul Berger, after a three-page scrutiny of the decision in his *Executive Privilege*, considers that "the mischievous and demonstrably wrong dicta of Justice Sutherland deserve no further credence," though he devotes another six pages to its pulverization. The late Alexander Bickel similarly held that Justice Sutherland's "grandiose conception never had any warrant in the Constitution, is wrong in theory and unworkable in practice."

Conservatives today may perhaps be excused for allowing their commitment to Mr. Reagan and his support for anti-Communist forces in Central America to get the better of their constitutional judgment, but their abandonment of a strong, legitimate congressional role in foreign policy is of more than antiquarian interest. Conservative reversal on this issue in fact represents a major redefinition of the terms of public discourse in American political culture.

Historian George H. Nash noted, in the 1950's and 1960's, "the growing conservative tendency to rely on the one branch of government which had proved immune to radical assault: the Congress." Conservative political leaders like Robert Taft, Richard Nixon, Joseph McCarthy, and John W. Bricker all insisted that Congress had a right and a duty to contribute to, investigate, and oversee presidential conduct of foreign policy, and their practice found theoretical justification in the writings of Frank Meyer, Willmoore Kendall, James Burnham, and Russell Kirk, among others.

Aside from the constitutional merits of the position, the reason for the conservative defense of Congress lay, as Nash suggests, in the fact that the locally based Congress was in large part "immune" to the political influence of the forces that dominated the executive branch. The latter, increasingly controlled by a new managerial elite that used New Deal liberalism and progressivism as its ideological formula, sought to implement a globalist foreign policy that would complete the interdependence and integration of the United States in a transnational world order in which American national sovereignty and cultural distinctiveness would evaporate. The United Nations, large regional security pacts, international financial and legal institutions, and multilateral treaty regimes on matters ranging from genocide to the law of the sea to arms control provided the framework for this new global order, in which a technically skilled and cosmopolitan-minded elite would displace traditional, local, and national elites.

The transformation of conservative opinion from support for a congressional role in foreign policy to virtually unanimous endorsement of presidential supremacy or even monopoly in foreign affairs thus represents more than a partisan eagerness to defend Mr. Reagan's White House or resist Communist power in Central America. The very ability of conservatives to win and hold the presidency for eight years indicates less their successful challenge to the established elite and its domestic and foreign agenda than their assimilation by the elite itself. Conservative willingness to use the rhetoric and ideas of progressivism in foreign policy—"human rights," the sponsorship of global democracy, defense of an "international economy"—matches the recent conservative reliance on the executive branch in international relations and helps to reconcile the new conservative program in foreign affairs to the interests and ideology of the dominant elite. Contemporary conservatism offers little serious resistance to further absorption of American sovereignty and civilizational integrity into what neoconservative Zbigniew Brzezinski calls the "technetronic age," and the number of conservatives who today defend classically nationalist policies such as protectionism and restrictions on immigration is microscopic.

Present-day conservative anti-Communism increasingly resembles the ineffectual containment strategy of the elite of the 1950's and 1960's and is largely predicated on humanitarian and moral concerns over the lack of civil and political liberties in Communist states rather than on an understanding of the strategic dangers to the national interests of the United States of a world-revolutionary ideology.

Present-day conservative anti-Communism increasingly resembles the ineffectual containment strategy of the elite of the 1950's and 1960's and is largely predicated on humanitarian and moral concerns over the lack of civil and political liberties in Communist states rather than on an understanding of the strategic dangers to the national interests of the United States of a world-revolutionary ideology. Instead of calling openly for the overthrow of the Sandinistas and other Communist gangs, it gingerly demands "free elections" and negotiated settlements, and the recent movement of Mr. Reagan's foreign policy toward acceptance of the Marxist state in Mozambique, the appointment of Armand Hammer's protégé, C. William Verity, as Secretary of Commerce, and the quest for arms control treaties with the Soviets is merely the logical extrapolation of the recent tendency of the American right to accommodate itself to the goals of the incumbent elite. Exactly how the right has been subsumed by its one-time rivals for political and social dominance is a complicated story, but what is now regarded as "mainstream conservatism" has been so enervated in its willingness to offer resistance to the dominant elite and its basic ideology and policies that the fact of its assimilation cannot be doubted.

The bicentennial of the U.S. Constitution deserves a bit more in the way of celebration than firecrackers, docudramas, and the banalities from right and left of the Iran-Contra hearings. What came out of the Great Convention 200 years ago remains the principal political symbol of a unique and ancient civilization that managerial globalism and social engineering are trying to subvert, and it is doubtful that reliance on the instruments that our technocratic optimates have devised can preserve either the Constitution or the cultural fabric that underlies it. If the new generation of conservatives is serious about wanting to defend either their civilizational inheritance or the political and legal mechanisms by which their civilization has been governed, they might begin by resisting the temptations of partisan convenience and the baubles of power and reputation that their enemies have dangled before them and try to reclaim a way of life and a method of ruling and being ruled that their predecessors once understood.

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THE FEAR OF CRISIS *by John P. Sisk*

In the November 1986 *Encounter*, the Princeton University economist Harold James sets out to tell us "Why We Should Learn to Love a Crisis." His explanation is not quite what we would expect from a champion of a market economy. In that economy, he says, crises serve a necessary function; states should not try to avoid them out of a reluctance to risk since they can be purgative and therapeutic; most importantly small crises may be ideal ways of avoiding major crises.

Professor James stays pretty much within his own discipline, but because he stays there so competently and readably we get the impression that there is much to be said about the relevance of his thesis to the understanding and management of crises generally. Certainly, he will encourage many readers to extrapolate his essay into the worlds of politics and religion. There in more familiar territory they are likely to ask the sort of questions that James's fellow economists may be asking him.

First is the question of scale. It may be that small crises are good for us because they help prevent big crises; but how do we tell them apart when they are happening? Even the layman, for whom economics is, as it was for Carlyle, the dismal science, can see the difference between the inside trading scandals that periodically rock Wall Street and the stock market crash of the early 1930's — especially when Dow Jones quickly indicates that the economy has received no mortal wound from the former. But when we were going through the Iran arms crisis, was it properly identified as major or minor? Where on a scale ranging from Watergate to the discovery that the government had been using disinformation against Libya should it have been placed? The consequence for the nation depended on that placement, and that placement depended on the extent to which we could or could not see it in a perspective of major events since World War II.

The proper placement of a crisis on a proper scale is, of course, crucial in every walk of life at any time. This is no doubt why the literature of crisis management, however called, is as extensive as it is now, when, as it may seem to us Americans, our complex and information-crammed world condemns us to a crisis-rich environment. However, people in any democratic society have a notorious capacity to turn small crises into big ones, to say nothing of a perverse capacity to become addicted to crises of all dimensions. This is in part because crises are relief from boredom, and boredom in democratic societies, where it is easy for the individual to become alienated from boredom-reducing communal structures, is always an important determinant of political and social history. But even apart from such alienation, life in a democratic society, relative to more

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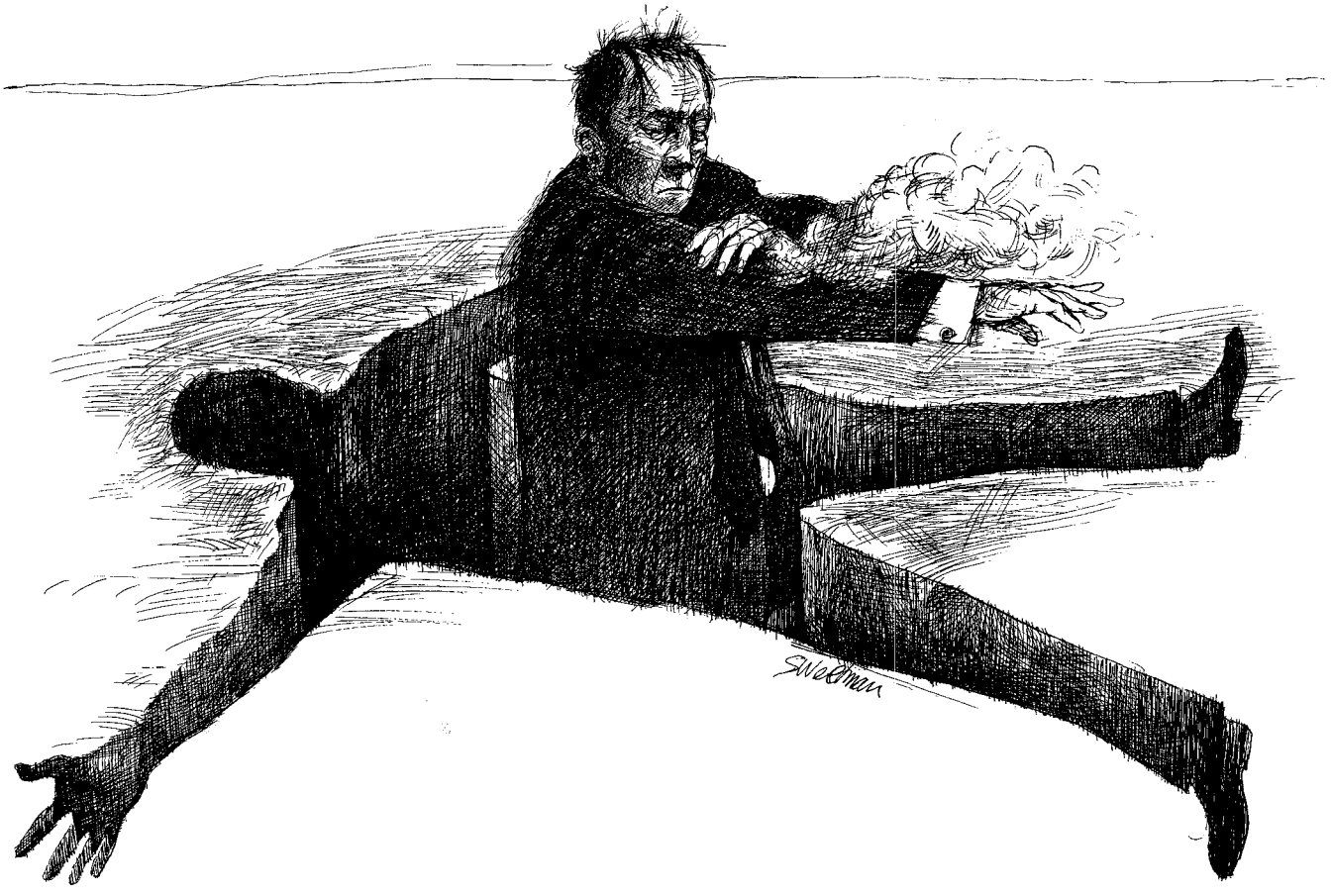

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authoritarian societies, is crisis-oriented by its very nature, which is only to say that in it establishments of power and privilege are constantly and excitingly open to challenge. In such a political environment, a certain dependence on crises is inevitable and even desirable, and the inability often to distinguish between small and big crises is, for better or worse, part of democracy's ongoing effort to remind itself that it is embarked on a precarious enterprise. Perhaps this is why Jefferson once wrote to Madison that "a little rebellion, now and then, is a good thing, and as necessary in the political world as storms in the physical."

Now as always the media make their contribution to the nation's effort to identify itself through the management of crises. The success of a democracy depends on the free flow of information and the capacity of citizens to bear a heavy burden of interpretation—a burden that has increased as the media have multiplied and become more sophisticated. The First Amendment makes the nation crisis-prone, and may have been the Constitution's way of saying what Jefferson in effect said to Madison, that we ought to love a crisis, and perhaps too its way of identifying boredom as a major enemy of democracy.

Since the earliest days of the Republic, the media have been accused (often enough rightly) of misevaluating crises, either by blowing small ones into big ones or missing the big ones altogether because they developed without newsworthy handles or appeared small because their implications for the future could not be foreseen. This is not that the media are fundamentally irresponsible, biased, or shortsighted, but in considerable part it is that the media, fearing and hating boredom as they do, are themselves crisis-prone. The communicator in any democratic medium is especially free to take into account the strong possibility that his hype-wary audience is listening with only half an ear, is distracted by competing messages with competing interpretations, or is likely for one reason or another to miss the full import of the message. As a consequence, the media resort to those proven boredom-resisting and attention-getting devices of the storyteller, the poet, and the advertiser. As the ancient rhetoricians knew, these devices are not necessarily incompatible with clear and honest communication. If they were, it would be impossible to try to relate the *National Inquirer* to the *New York Times* on a credibility scale, and meaningful communication would be impossible.

Nevertheless, given the proliferation of and competition among the media, it is inevitable that media people will often and rightly be accused of encouraging in the public a misevaluation of a crisis. To judge from such publications as *Pravda*, *Soviet Life*, *Soviet Literature*, and *World Marxist Review*, the media of the Marxist-Leninist world should get much higher marks for crisis management. Unhampered by a First Amendment, the party can benevolently assume the burden of interpretation of events and control the crisis scale. Indeed, to judge from such controlled media, the societies they report on do not have to distinguish between big and small crises since such crises that get into print appear small and easily manageable. The big danger, then, is that someone will leak the suppressed truth, as the truth of the Gulag was leaked, effecting a major crisis on the French Marxist left.

Those familiar with the excitements of a crisis-prone democratic society may suspect that life in totalitarian societies is a very dull affair, but they fail to take into account the extent to which shortage, privation, and surveillance can compensate for the excitements of a First Amendment. It may be apparent enough from the outside that totalitarian societies suffer from economic, social, and managerial crises, big and small, but within those societies crises tend to be so institutionalized that they cannot be isolated for public scrutiny and divided into big and small. And that which ceases to be subject to division soon ceases to have a public existence. The excitement associated with crisis in a free society thus goes underground and comes out as the thrill of the riskily obtained extra ration of meat or bottle of vodka. Under these circumstances, there is not much chance of learning from small crises.

It is worth noting, however, that Professor James's essay clearly assumes that there is something like a universal wish not to be put in the situation of having to learn from even small crises. There is a sense of fragile all-aloneness in a democracy relative to older and more authoritarian forms of government. Democracies normally begin in a crisis relationship with one of these forms and from that point never cease to be a test of nerve. In these circumstances, a crisis that would be small in a monarchy can be big in a democracy and bring with it the fear of a demoralized return (as has happened often enough in Africa) to an earlier authoritarian condition. Therefore, people in a democracy may experience a particular crisis as exciting, purgative, and therapeutic and yet hope that the last one will indeed be the last one. That "should" in James's title is, after all, only a subjunctive, and inside every subjunctive is an indicative trying to free itself from the clutch of the subjunctive—so that "We should love a crisis" gives way to "There will be no more crises." James's essay is then unavoidably a preachment against the utopian impulse, and an assertion that the desire to get beyond crises can be as great a threat to democracy as it is an exploitable advantage for the indicative totalitarians.

To expect that a democratic society can be crisisless is to expect from it what is commonly expected from religion. Religion is what you are supposed to get when you pass through a crisis experience, after which you are able to observe the crisis-racked secular world with an ironic if charitable equanimity. This is why theocracy, that condition where religion and government have interpenetrated one another, has so often seemed to be the ideal response to the fear of crisis (and why it is the very model of the secularized and crisisless terminal condition that Marx imagined). As we know from our own New England beginnings, theocracies could break up in the big crises that developed during the small crises from which they had learned nothing. However, this development has not kept Americans from identifying the experience of true religion as a crisisless affair.

American democracy, which to exist must find ways to check its utopian impulse, has thus been the spawning ground for religious and pseudo-religious groups in which that impulse, being protected by the Bill of Rights, is free to expand—even to the point where it threatens to break through the barrier separating Church and State. Ironically, that barrier, one of whose aims is to protect democracy from the temptations to theocratic totalitarianism, is itself a

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War Generations

by Gavin Ewart

Youth's uniform was smartish
and tartish were our thoughts,
there were too many Ought-nots;
we liked instinctual Oughts.

Thou shalt not seemed quite boring,
like snoring, irksome too—
a thing that older people
seemed most inclined to do.

Yet six years' war came bubbling
and troubling all our lives,
as hot as hell and sharper
than pointed butcher's knives.

We lost our early beauty,
so fruity and unlined,
the brave and cowardly drowned in
those seas both deep and mined.

Back forty years or fifty,
once nifty and unstained,
we gaze with eyes so moral.
The hypocrites look pained

to hear the young things singing
and clinging with a sigh
to their so brief enjoyment
before they come to die.

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generator of crisis. There is ultimately no way to keep religion out of politics—not when the Constitution itself protects religious freedom; nor is there any reason to believe that democracy would be better off if the barrier were utterly impregnable. If it were, what Richard J. Neuhaus has aptly called the naked public square might soon become a secular wasteland in which the most sinister crisis managers would be free to put into practice their conviction that even the small crises of democracy make politics a thoroughly bad thing.

Protestant Christianity has been a state of crisis since the Reformation, in the crisis conditions of which it was born. Its genesis has a good deal to do with the multiplication of sects and with the intensification of the conviction, as we see it expressed in 17th- and 18th-century American millennialism, that religion is authentic in proportion as it makes possible here and now, not only in the hereafter, a life beyond crisis. This is the assumption of that rousing millennialist war cry "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," which despite its anti-Catholic origins is now included in many Catholic hymnals.

Catholics can be no less crisis-prone once they are convinced that the authenticity of the Church depends on its capacity to enable the faithful to experience harmonious unity. In this view, crises are what happen when the individual is not sufficiently Catholic—unless they are simply the misidentifications of malevolent outsiders. This attitude had a good deal to do with events in Church history that led up to Vatican II, before which the fear of harmony-disrupting crises made it easy to overlook or misinterpret the small crises from which the Church might have learned how to avoid the big crises that made the Council necessary. Certainly it might have learned that, as Peter Steinfels puts it in "Vatican Wars" (*The New Republic*, December 8, 1986), "a Church that makes large claims is sure to have large problems." And the changes in Church policy made by Vatican II created more crises, not all of them small, for those Catholics who remained attached to the old image of the harmonious Church universal—so much so that some, in an attempt to get beyond crisis again, cast their lot with such comforting imitations of the pre-Vatican II Church as the Tridentine Latin Rite Church.

But even those who accepted the Council joyfully soon learned that the resolution of some crises caused new ones. For a generation now, Catholics have had to live with the crises caused by birth control, abortion, the position of women in the Church, the celibacy of the clergy, situation ethics, the extent and nature of Papal authority, changes in the liturgy, and liberation theology. Most recently, American Catholics have had to adjust to what proved to be controversial positions of their bishops on nuclear arms and the option for the poor—to say nothing of the cases of Archbishop Raymond Hunthausen and Catholic University theologian Father Charles E. Curran, which have caused tension between the bishops and Rome.

To some American Catholics it is as disillusioning now to find differences of opinion among the bishops, and between them and Rome, as it was to see differences of opinion at work during the Council. Differences of opinion are not only likely to result in crises, but the efforts in the Council to make particular opinions prevail also convinced many Catholics that the Church had become corrupted by that secular evil, politics. This scandalized, if naive, reaction was often enough an indication that such Catholics had a low opinion of democracy, which is nothing if not political, and were at heart as theocratic as the old Protestant millennialists. This attitude, potentially crippling to Catholics in the free world everywhere, not only in America, was vigorously attacked by people like Jesuit John Courtney Murray, who had Chapter 4 of *The Pastoral Constitution on the Church in the Modern World* for support.

In any event, the use of terms native to politics and cultural criticism in an effort to understand conflict of opinion in the Church is by now commonplace. As Peter Steinfels points out, antinomies like liberal/conservative and dissent/authority make it easy to miss the subtleties of a dialectic that is seeking not the triumph of one party over another but a viable center. Nothing could impede such an objective more than a hounding apprehension of the crises that might result if all does not go well. It is this apprehension in secular as well as religious deliberations that so often dictates the censorship, stonewalling, or electronic eavesdropping that only lays the ground for unanticipated crises. It also prepares for the embarrassments institutions most subsequently live with as best they can—for instance, the distinguished philosopher Jacques Maritain not being

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awarded an honorary degree by the Catholic University of Sacred Heart in Milan because, in the opinion of a Holy Office cardinal, Maritain was not sufficiently orthodox.

The so-called heresies of Americanism and Modernism at the turn of the century are classic examples of how unanticipated crises can arise when an inordinate fear of crisis takes over in an institution. Analogously, one can see how the crisis-fearing arguments in defense of slavery by intelligent and well-meaning Southerners like George Fitzhugh and Reuben Davis helped to set up a bloody and nation-shaking crisis they never anticipated. On the other hand, when modifications of or radical departures from principle, doctrine, or dogma are motivated more by the fear of an unmanageable situation than by a prudent and honest perception of needed change, the consequences may be crises more unmanageable than those one began with. We can see this clearly enough now in the political, educational, moral, and religious effects of countercultural liberation in the 60's and early 70's. That was a time when, in secular or religious terms, the center did not hold. As Steinfels puts it, "The viable center will be more viable if tested by a greater resistance." But nothing weakens the resistance so effectively as the fear of crisis.

No doubt about it, we live in a time of crisis, but we have no reason to believe that human beings ever lived otherwise, or even could without ceasing to be human. To be situated in time is to be crisis-prone, which is no doubt why so much money is spent on such time-transcenders and crisis-resolvers as drugs and alcohol. It may be only pride in our victimization combined with a loss of nerve that makes it sometimes seem that we are specially afflicted, that inscrutable and malign forces have elected us not to be elected to the crisisless condition that everything in us yearns for. Under these circumstances citizens no less than believers are likely to harken back nostalgically to the Age of the Fathers—only to find, as Thomas Paine put it in what he called *The American Crisis*, that the Fathers too were living in a time that tried men's souls.

And so it may seem to one who stands, as I did one beautiful spring morning, on an ancient stone wall in Old Corinth where, I was told, St. Paul once stood as he preached to the Corinthian faithful. There one can see the seven remaining pillars of the Temple of Apollo and the towering Acrocorinth dedicated to Aphrodite, where the thousand sacred prostitutes had their temple. There among the wealthy and luxury-loving Corinthians that fabulous voyager and escape artist stayed a year and a half on his first visit. In the two great letters he wrote back after he resumed his always precarious missionary journeys, he made clear the crisis-structured nature of his efforts to establish a viable center: in prisons often; suffering cold, hunger, and sleepless nights; menaced by robbers; thrice shipwrecked; stoned and lashed; frustrated by dissension and backsliding among the brethren. In Antioch he resisted the authority of Barnabas and even had to administer a public rebuke to St. Peter. Through him large claims were made and large problems resulted, and one of the problems, as the souls of men and women were tried, was the recurring expectation among the faithful that they would quickly be freed from all problems—especially from that crisis-engendering problem of being forced, so often, to seek a viable center while seeing through a mirror in an obscure manner.

It was in this crisis-prone but always hopeful tradition, and most appropriately on the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, that Pope John XXIII early in 1959 announced the coming "Ecumenical Council" to the Sacred College of Cardinals. He was speaking in this tradition too when he wrote later in "Ad Petri Cathedram," his first encyclical letter: "In essentials, unity; in doubt, freedom; in all things, charity." It is hard to imagine a better formula for crisis management, whether in Church or State.

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THE POLITICS OF AIDS RESEARCH

by Irving Louis Horowitz

The epidemic of AIDS highlights a crisis in policy on which the social sciences may shed some light. In the process, it may also move the study of policymaking to some substantial higher ground. Whenever we pose a question in terms of understanding rather than resolving, we run the risk of hearing social research denounced as irrelevant, if not downright obstructionist. Yet such a risk is minor compared to a bland acceptance of a presumed common wisdom that often points to an uncommon folly. With AIDS, for example, a recitation of raw numbers of potential victims is of less importance for policy than the demographic, geographic, and sexual characteristics of those involved.

We need to begin, then, by a disaggregation of macro-policy from micro-policy. In one sense, the former is a bundle of issues composed of the latter. But each has dynamics of its own. Affirmative action is a macro-policy. But it is derived in part from Executive Order No. 11246 issued during the Lyndon B. Johnson White House years. In its specifics, this order concerned government hiring. Now mandated quotas have been imposed on ever wider areas of both the public and private sector. At such a level, the concept of policy is a 20th-century equivalent to the 19th-century notion of geist or espirit. Racial equity is not so much a crafted political position as a broadly felt need of the age. It exists across class no less than racial boundaries.

The issue of developing a policy toward AIDS is something else again. It is a specific disease which afflicts a special segment of society, for the most part urban homosexual communities, and to a far lesser degree those who use drugs or have had blood transfusions. Further, it is an area in which a general policy consensus does not currently exist, and hence, the capacity to impose a policy on a society is more readily strained. Finally, it is an area in which neither the scientific nor medical parameters are entirely understood. For example, the length of the incubation period varies greatly, and only recently has it been publicized that AIDS tests may fail to indicate the infection for more than one year. Hence we can look at the AIDS problem as a relatively "pure" case of the extent to which policy is effective in contexts of both scientific doubt and intense social polarization.

The policy differences between those who, like Education Secretary William J. Bennett, advocate avoiding premarital sex and illegal drugs as the most virtuous, safest, and smartest way to prevent AIDS infection and those who, like Surgeon General C. Everett Koop, emphasize prophylactic and public health measures to reduce the risks among the sexually active, are indicative of a general crisis in policy as such. In the intensifying debate between the abstentionists and pragmatists, and a corresponding confusion over normative frameworks of behavior, description rather than prescription may well prove to be the order of the day.

That, at any rate, is what Hiatt and Essex (1987) claim when they urge politicians to clarify their policy persuasions on such issues as: (1) conflicts between public health requirements and the homosexuals' rights to privacy; (2) who should pay for treatment; (3) what ancillary programs should be introduced for drug users; (4) what should be done to prevent AIDS in the newborn; (5) how research can be encouraged; (6) what educational programs should be advocated; (7) how international cooperation can be fostered in AIDS research and prevention; (8) how fiscal priorities would be set, and at the expense of which current programs.

Before such a leap into policy considerations is made, it is important to state a few social truths about AIDS. It is precisely these that are dangerously obscured by phrases like "alternative life-styles" (as opposed to "safe life-styles") and "high risk groups," in contrast with specific mentions of homosexual populations, as well as the "homophobic bias," when the issue of victims is broached in a concrete fashion. This avoidance of the brute fact that nine out of 10 victims of AIDS are homosexuals (the figure would be even higher if the so-called bisexuals were included) is typical of people who want clear-cut policies even as they move to obscure clear-cut evidence.

At present no AIDS vaccine is available and no satisfactory antiviral drug exists. The widely used azidothymidine, or AZT, is so toxic that roughly 50 percent of AIDS patients cannot take it. We also know little about the origins of AIDS. It seems that the disease exists in a benign fashion in the green monkey of Africa, but that it becomes virulent in humans. AIDS can incubate for a great period of time, can be transmitted from the female no less than the male, and is infectious in carriers for years without the victims' knowledge. As a further complication, testing for AIDS is not allowed, and on those rare instances when it is, it is not always possible to identify specific individuals as carriers. Thus, generating policies for AIDS is at best a vague and general activity, which comes hard against the granite wall of constitutional law, no less than it does against medical and chemical inadequacies.

What we see instead is the development of long-term policies based on demands for increased funding for AIDS research in order to bypass or avoid dealing with short-term realities. The policy of treating AIDS has turned into a metaphysical disposition to develop a way to disregard social consensus, limit the scientific information base, and confuse moral premises. A good example of this is the manipulation of the AIDS epidemic by groups like the Planned Parenthood Federation of America to foster the need for a "nationwide sexuality education," with little, if any, commentary on the actual problem of the plague (AIDS) as such. Given the nature of special interest groups in America, this sort of tendentious spin-off approach may be expected to become common currency among all sorts of secular and religious groups, on all sides of the issue.

Whenever a serious problem emerges in American society, the call for public action is sure to follow. One

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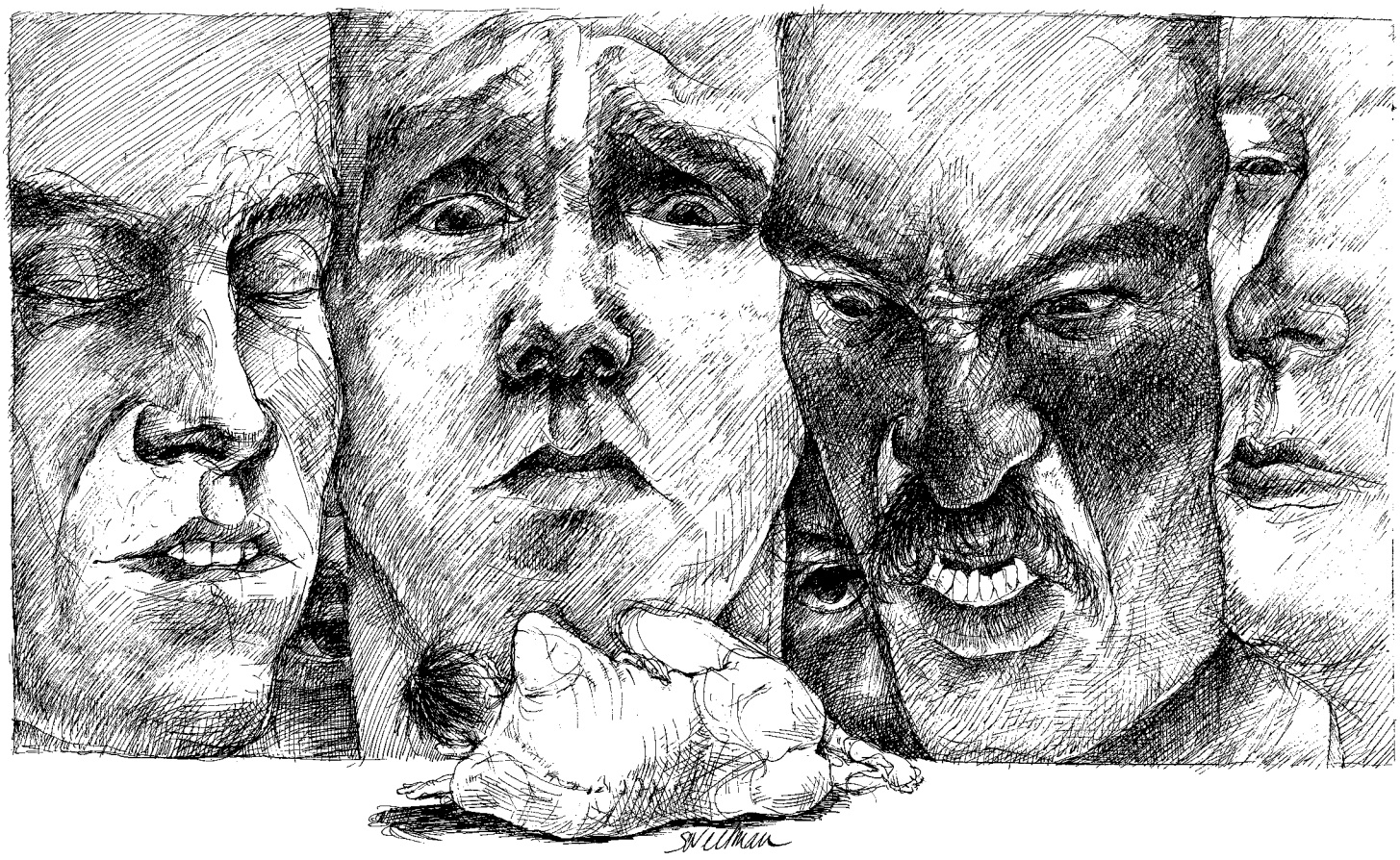

inevitable consequence of this is the formation of a presidential commission. And as we can see, this has already taken place, with the attendant bickering over the composition of the commission consuming most of the time and energy of the trouble-shooting body. At a more proximate level, a somewhat typical plea to "do something" was registered in an issue of *The New Republic*, which boldly presented "Our Cure for AIDS." Arguing that in a response similar to Father Paneloux's at the outbreak of The Plague, all neutrality is culpable, judgment a form of withdrawal, while only action becomes a moral necessity. So the first step toward a policy is a calibration of the moral trade-offs (i.e., private rights versus public goods), with everything else logically ensuing from there.

Martin Peretz then moves from the general to the specific rapidly: (a) public educational campaigns that are "explicit, colloquial, and geared less to restrictions on sexual pleasure than to guidelines for the possibility of safe, and enjoyable sex"; (b) the dispensing of condoms and their placement "in all bars and clubs" including "handing out condoms at the exit door of any club charging admission after 9:00 p.m. and at all rock concerts"; (c) reaching the neediest (i.e., blacks, Hispanics, and the poor, the fastest growing group of AIDS victims), which would include dispensing and providing clean needles to drug addicts on demand.

At the conservative end of the spectrum, the concerns are less with a policy to protect the victims of AIDS than to safeguard the innocents from exposure to the AIDS victims or carriers. It might be said, therefore, that these are demands for antipolicy, i.e., the cauterization and isolation of AIDS victims from the general society. To be sure, when efforts are made to foist the AIDS victims or their children on the general population, the revulsion is as violent as it is complete. Fire-bombings, school boycotts, withdrawal of insurance premiums are now random, sporadic but also frequent.

The philosophical foundations of such an antipolicy position are set forth by Adam Meyerson in the journal which he edits, *Policy Review*. It is his view that "with the AIDS scare and the death of prominent athletes and actors from cocaine, Nature has been confirming conventional morality by showing that there are certain things the human body is not supposed to do." It is clear that the use of the word "Nature" is precisely equivalent to the word "God." And if nature or God carry demonstrable proscriptions on action, then clearly, policies intended to reverse such patterns can only be viewed as antinatural or worse, blasphemous.

A serious problem with the pure conservative approach is that even if a laissez-faire environment were desired, in which the victims of AIDS would self-destruct, the nature of disease would still demand a policy to protect the general population. Society still needs a set of policies on how to quarantine the victims, how to tell the victims from nonvictims (i.e., medical clearance and surveillance of the population as a whole), with forms of indemnification for the victims as well as types of punishment for carriers who spread the disease knowingly. Only the most parochial view of policy would equate "doing something" with providing

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additional funds for medical research.

This is only a brief overview of the extremes of policy responses to AIDS, which does not remotely exhaust our approaches. The options between these two poles are numerous and are largely put forth by serious people. But our concerns here should be less the issue of AIDS than the problems which constantly, consecutively, and unpredictably beset the world of public policy. Indeed, it might be wiser to speak of the many worlds of public policy, since on an issue like AIDS, policy involves legislative supports, executive orders, judicial decisions, voluntary actions, and/or local agency funds. For, built into the structure of policy, invariably subjecting specific recommendations to criticism and correction, is the multiplicity of levels of effort aimed at addressing a single specific problem. What can social science contribute to this environment in which dissension rather than consensus prevails, and in which good and honest people come to resolute and seemingly contradictory conclusions. For on a subject like AIDS, though there is broad agreement on the existence of widening contagion, what is missing is consensus on what, if anything, anyone should do to limit or overcome the problem.

Richard Berk, in a recent provocative article in the *American Sociologist*, notes that there are currently no experts on the long-range social consequences of AIDS. He proposes that social research produce experts, develop a crash program in social projections, and come up with the tools for such projections, all in short order, given the acceleration of the AIDS epidemic; and finally, achieve all this in the context of big science (i.e., many researchers from different fields working with large budgets, or at least with minimal fiscal constraints).

This would entail subjecting all efforts at policy to empirical scrutiny—that is, examining the scientific, political, and moral obstacles to new policy. Again, what follows by no means exhausts the information available. But it does present a way of handling policy beyond the pure optimism of expecting to change existential reality and the equally undiluted pessimism in which prudence and natural laws are wielded like clubs.

Since so much has been made of preventive medicine, at least during an interim in which "cures" are simply unavailable (if indeed attainable at all), it is fair to limit our concern to the impact of condoms on the AIDS population. While there is little doubt about the prophylactic properties of condoms, and their capacity to reduce the spread of AIDS within homosexual populations, especially when used together with spermicides, serious questions remain.

Among the concerns raised are the following: (1) among the sample batches tested, the Food and Drug Administration found that 20 percent of the latex condoms failed water leakage tests. This failure of 41 of 204 batches exceeded agency standards; (2) the failure rate for imported condoms is significantly higher than for domestic brands; (3) latex condoms are less subject to microscopic damage than natural condoms made of lambs' intestines. Further, beyond the character of contraceptive devices are the human elements: (4) anal intercourse is far more traumatic than vaginal intercourse, hence the wear and tear on condoms is much higher; (5) the potential for transmitting AIDS is higher than pregnancy rates because women are fertile only a few days each month, whereas the AIDS virus apparently can be spread all the time.

Scientific studies of the effects of condom use in AIDS prevention are rare, given the ethical questions about establishing control groups in experimental situations. But in one survey of AIDS patients and their uninfected heterosexual partners, it was found that two of 12 who claimed to regularly use condoms became infected with AIDS. Without doubting the prophylactic values of condoms, therefore, the belief that a macro-policy can be built upon condoms is obviously dubious. Beyond all such concerns is the problem that the very belief in condom effectiveness may actually increase homosexual activity, and thus partially offset the very prophylactic values currently being relied upon.

Rather than speak of political processes in general, for present purposes it might be best simply to restrict our discussion to public opinion surveys. The making of policy under dissensus is far more troublesome than under consensual conditions. And while 78 percent of Americans said that AIDS sufferers should be treated with compassion, once the Gallup poll became more precisely worded, the actual gap in sentiment was seen as quite substantial.

While 48 percent of those polled said AIDS victims should be allowed to live in the community unimpeded, 29 percent disagreed. On the issue of jobs, 33 percent said that employers should be permitted to dismiss those infected

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with the AIDS virus, while 43 percent said that they should not. And on the question of responsibility, the public view is that 45 percent agreed that most people with AIDS have only themselves to blame, while only 13 percent disagreed. And on the crucial statement "I sometimes think that AIDS is a punishment for the decline in moral standards," 42 percent agreed with this proposition, while 43 percent disagreed, saying they did not hold that view.

At the other end of the political spectrum are the powerful forces mobilized in select urban centers by the homosexual community, for whom everything from closing bathhouses to testing and identifying AIDS victims is anathema. Although estimates indicate that in a city like San Francisco there are perhaps 75,000 homosexual men, or 10 percent of the city's population, and although half of them may be infected with AIDS, the threat has not been translated into specific policy recommendations. Local ordinances prevent San Franciscans with AIDS from being fired from their jobs. Nor can they be denied housing or evicted because of AIDS diagnosis. Insurance companies are not allowed access to results of the AIDS antibody test in assessing insurance premiums. In a city like San Francisco, it is taboo to criticize homosexuality however obliquely, without being condemned as a bigot. Few politicians dare not support "gay pride," much less advocate sexual abstinence. Hence, while a consensus does not exist at a macro-political level, micro-political considerations further inhibit even timid articulation of policy.

This public opinion division thereby moves the issue of AIDS to a moral center of gravity. But ethical parameters are hardly self-evident. The utilitarian argument that self-interest is all-determining comes hard upon those who argue that social interest must prevail. Further, self-interest can be defined in terms of serving others as well as self. Ethical slogans about the "greatest good for the greatest number" may rend the fabric of a system predicated on "no exploitation of a disadvantaged minority for the benefit of an advantaged majority." The right to know comes hard upon the right to privacy. Compassion comes upon retribution in arguments concerning capital punishment. The right to life comes upon the private right to determine capabilities of support.

It is far simpler to discuss ethical concerns in terms of good versus evil, truth versus error, or truthfulness versus lying. But these are less ethical dilemmas than moral imperatives, derived from the Western religious culture. And it is precisely the invocation of that culture which is used by those who argue against an AIDS policy per se. In a world of ethics, the choice lies between principles that can claim a wide number of adherents, in a world of alternative goods. In this sense, achieving a balance between pressures for reform (policies), and compliance with long-standing standards (ethics) is dramatically highlighted by the AIDS epidemic.

One illustration may suffice: A majority of the population favors the quarantine of AIDS victims. While this same public does not accept the quarantining of people because of their sexual preferences, they do hold that the risks to the uncontaminated public warrant such severe measures. But of course to adopt such a policy is to deny basic civil liberties and personal rights to a special segment of the American population. It raises also the specter of extending similar measures to other sectors of the population. There is a long gap between an individual with AIDS and a cluster of AIDS victims presenting a community threat. Hence, we see the stark contradictions between public policy and

REVISIONS

China Syndrome

When the last helicopters lifted off from the roof of the American Embassy in Saigon, with human leeches sticking to their sides and falling from their runners, the TV image of our defeat became indelible in our national memory. "No more Vietnams," we said, liberal, conservative, or in-between, forgetting how we got there.

Of course, it all started with China: In 1945 Chiang Kai-shek was telling George Marshall that "the Communists had no intention of cooperating with the Nationals, that they were under the influence of the Soviet government, and that their purpose was to disrupt the government and influence foreign policy." In answer, Marshall proceeded to tell the mistaken Chinese Generalissimo that his government could no longer count on U.S. help, not even for small-arms ammunition. As Marshall's official biographer, Forrest C. Pogue, writes in the third tome of *George C. Marshall* (New York: Viking; $29.95), the great American statesman concluded, after meeting Stalin at Teheran and Yalta, that "the Russian leader would keep his word if he had positively and unequivocally given it."

Treating Chou En-lai with greater respect than Chiang Kai-shek, whom General Joseph T. Stilwell (another "China Hand") called the "Peanut," Marshall did his best to earn what Henry Kissinger later received a Nobel Peace prize for. Conscious of America's demobilization and "public opinion," Marshall, "the tall man, with a weathered homely face, in which there was a visible touch of greatness" (*Time*), together with Harry Truman, sold the Allied Nationalist Government of China down the river. As Pogue writes, "The great obstacle to peace has been the mutual suspicion between the National Government and the Communists." For his part, Chiang Kai-shek battled his way to Formosa to set up a viable, Western-type government, after having been treated "evenhandedly" by the West in his struggle against lethal insurgents.

A few years after the sellout, a surprised Truman and a not-so-surprised Marshall (he revised his opinion of Stalin in 1947) were caught spread-eagled in Korea, with all the ensuing consequences.

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public morality in the emergence of AIDS as a national problem.

Moral discourse in the United States tends to be framed in terms of interest, purpose, and preference—that is, structurally. But phenomena like the AIDS epidemic are likely to refocus our understanding of public morality in at least two respects: One, they will shift the center of gravity from moral codes to moral decision-making and the policies thus entailed. The appeals to normative structures are only one aspect of moral coding. The other is reformulating the processes by which moral behavior gets defined. And this is a consequence of policymaking in issues like AIDS.

What we have, then, is a clear distinction between the development of social science and the manufacture of public policy. This distinction does not imply a contradiction between the two, but that the realms of discourse are distinct and that social science cannot simply be invoked in the name of policy. In short-run terms, wide condom disbursement would probably help contain an AIDS epidemic that threatens to kill more people than any disease except heart attacks and cancer. At the same time, the cultural imperative upholding such a short-term policy maintains that homosexuality is a legitimate alternative life-style, the criticism of which is homophobic or just plain neurotic (in direct contrast to earlier psychoanalytical traditions, in which homosexuality was held to be a neurotic affliction).

The attitudes toward heart disease and acquired immune deficiency syndrome are radically different. There is no vociferous demand for building massive numbers of Jarvik:7 artificial heart units. Rather, the call is for change in personal life-style: abstinence, no smoking, cutting down on the intake of caffeine and carbohydrates, less stressful modes of life. But in the case of AIDS, calls for abstinence are mostly met with derision and contempt. What we are faced here with, then, is the power of a social movement, rather than the worthiness or worthlessness of public policy.

The avoidance of the brute fact that nine out of 10 victims of AIDS are homosexuals (the figure would be even higher if the so-called bisexuals were included) is typical of people who want clear-cut policies even as they move to obscure clear-cut evidence. . . . The policy of treating AIDS has turned into a metaphysical disposition to develop a way to disregard social consensus, limit the scientific information base, and confuse moral premises.

Thus we come upon the limits of policy rather than the simple disenthrallment with policy. The cry to do something boils down to individuals doing something (i.e., as in the case of heart patients being urged to desist from smoking cigarettes), as opposed to the cry that the society do something, as in the case of AIDS patients who are urged to demand social supports that would not entail a change in personal behavior. The current thrust, the impulse, of policy is most often for governments to correct imbalances among populations; but in the case of AIDS, in the absence of consensus at least the issue of policies designed to eliminate a specific contagion or illness should be treated within a larger context of scientific, political, and moral considerations. That panoply of concerns is what the social scientific study of public policy is about.

There is a specific lesson in all of this for those whose chief concerns are the scientific study and practical implementation of public policy. To be successful, policymaking needs either of the two requirements: a broad-based public consensus on issues under consideration or a narrow-based elite consensus on issues about which the general public is either unconcerned or incapable of being intelligently informed.

Where there is a wide dissensus and equally broad-ranging discussion, there policymaking becomes extremely difficult and is often reduced to piecemeal or ad hoc considerations. The limits of policymaking, therefore, can be seen quite clearly in the controversy over what should be done about AIDS. For the moment, and many moments to come, there is very little agreement on the need for exact information, hardly any consensus on the implications of the medical aspects of AIDS, and virtually no agreement on the moral basis of public behavior. When and if such a set of agreements is forthcoming (as is perhaps more likely in the matter of AIDS) and the medical aspects of the problem overwhelm common ideological proclivities, then policies will become possible. In the meantime, the demand for policy serves to acerbate rather than alleviate partisan considerations.

In his recent introduction to *The Art and Craft of Policy Analysis*, Aaron Wildavsky notes that under what he calls "elite polarization," policy analysis should become chastened and attempt to move from a one-sided emphasis on policymaking to a search for the source of preferences and movements. Such a salutary sociology of knowledge approach is heartily to be endorsed and should be urged to move even further, to indicate that under conditions of mass polarization the potential for even this limited achievement may be hard to establish. At the moment, wisdom dictates that AIDS public policy has been preempted by the need for social and behavioral science. This is perhaps another way of saying that knowledge should be a guide for action, but in the absence of any consensus on the truth about an illness, demands for policy or action become as dangerous, if not more so, than assertions or admissions of learned ignorance.

Our age tends to insist upon firm linkages between descriptive and prescriptive patterns of behavior. And while this may be admirable, we must not lose sight that there is a causal disjunction between the two. Accurate description must precede prescription, if we are not to fall prey to the sort of fanaticisms and myth-making scientists often accuse others of basing their actions upon. It is this tentativeness at the empirical level, no less than dissensus at the ethical level, that should serve as a limit to those who would leap to policy recommendations without delay. If the wish is father to the act, then too we should recognize that the fact is mother to the wish. Such homiletics may not lead us to instant solutions for such dread diseases as AIDS, but at least they will hold in check any approach that can only create more insoluble problems by demands for immediate, and more perfect policies.

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Revenge of the Nerd *by Arthur Eckstein*

"He can be compelled, who does not know how to die."

—Seneca

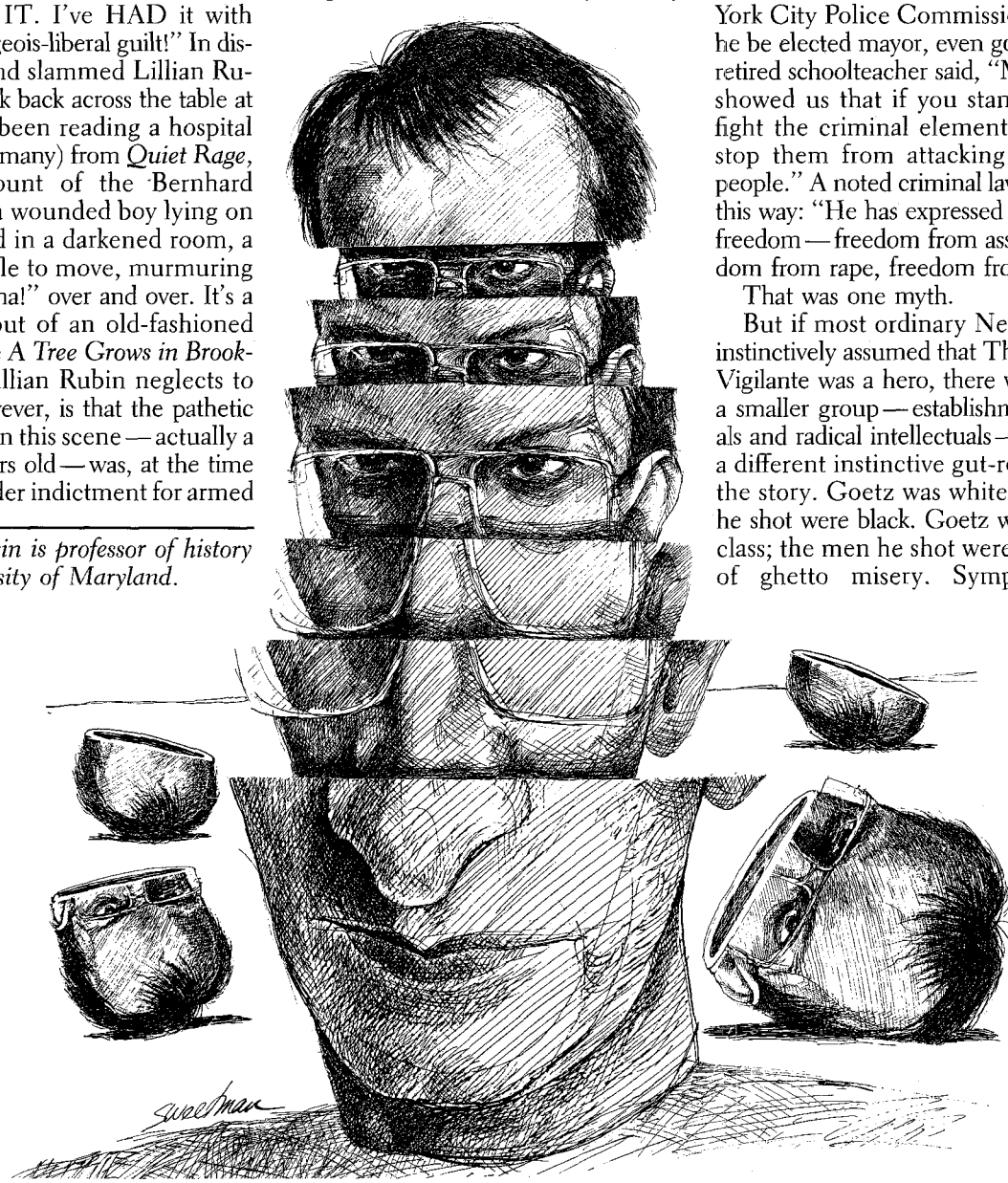
Quiet Rage: Bernie Goetz in a Time of Madness **by Lillian Rubin, New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux.**

"That's IT. I've HAD it with bourgeois-liberal guilt!" In disgust, my friend slammed Lillian Rubin's new book back across the table at me. We had been reading a hospital scene (one of many) from *Quiet Rage*, Rubin's account of the Bernhard Goetz case: a wounded boy lying on a hospital bed in a darkened room, a boy barely able to move, murmuring "Mama, Mama!" over and over. It's a scene right out of an old-fashioned tear-jerker like *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*. What Lillian Rubin neglects to mention, however, is that the pathetic child-victim in this scene—actually a youth, 19 years old—was, at the time depicted, under indictment for armed robbery. The armament: a shotgun.

Shortly before Christmas 1984, Bernhard Hugo Goetz shot and seriously wounded four young men, passengers on a New York City subway train. Before he disappeared into the winter evening, Goetz told the conductor that the four had been trying to rob him and that he'd fired only in self-defense. By the time Goetz turned himself over to the police a week later, "The Subway Vigilante" had become a New York celebrity. There had been a huge outpouring of public sympathy and support for him, evident in all the radio talk shows. There were suggestions that the shooter be named New York City Police Commissioner, that he be elected mayor, even governor. A retired schoolteacher said, "Mr. Goetz showed us that if you stand up and fight the criminal element, it might stop them from attacking so many people." A noted criminal lawyer put it this way: "He has expressed a blow for freedom—freedom from assault, freedom from rape, freedom from fear."

That was one myth.

But if most ordinary New Yorkers instinctively assumed that The Subway Vigilante was a hero, there was always a smaller group—establishment liberals and radical intellectuals—who had a different instinctive gut-reaction to the story. Goetz was white; the men he shot were black. Goetz was middle class; the men he shot were products of ghetto misery. Sympathy for



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Goetz's victims—sympathy for the underdog—was therefore automatic.

Moreover, under New York's very strict gun-control laws, Goetz had no right to own a weapon at all. And Goetz himself soon admitted that there was no specific life-threatening gesture that had caused him to haul out his revolver—just "the general situation" he had found himself facing in the subway car.

So what gave him the right to start blasting away with a lethal weapon he had no right to own in the first place? Was he really a psycho—a deeply disturbed personality elevated to celebrity status by a shallow New York press? Or had he shot his victims simply because he was afraid of blacks? These soon became the received opinions in certain elevated intellectual circles. With absolute certainty, a left-wing sociology professor at NYU told an interviewer: "This isn't a case of self-defense. Society feels that blacks and Hispanics are threatening. Goetz was a member of the white middle class. He had a built-in hostility." Or as the famous radical lawyer William Kunstler put it in a satirical poem: "Bernhard Hugo Goetz, stimulated by imagined threats, let bullets raise him from obscurity . . . "

That was the second myth.

Lillian Rubin is a major promoter of this second mythic tradition. She's no left-wing sociology prof, nor a radical lawyer: no, she's a chic San Francisco psychotherapist. In *Quiet Rage*, she sets out to probe the deep psychological reasons why Bernhard Goetz might have started shooting a gun in that subway car in December 1984. She finds the answer in childhood traumas. Goetz's father was a harsh Germanic type who never gave Bernhard (or "Bernie," as Rubin insists on calling him) the love he needed. Goetz's mother was little help, sympathetic to the child but deferring to the father in all things. The result was an insecure, withdrawn, and fundamentally antisocial and hostile child and adult: hungry for love, perhaps, but willful and stubbornly determined not to let anyone step on him. This is part of Goetz's "quiet rage" at the world—a rage that exploded in that subway car.

But there's more. When Bernhard was 12 years old, two male teenagers accused his father of sexually molesting them. In exchange for sexual favors, one of the teenagers claimed, Goetz senior offered him five dollars. The scandal rocked the small upstate New York town where the Goetz family lived and where the father was already hated as an unscrupulous real estate developer. Bernhard sat all the way through the trial but was then sent off to boarding school in Switzerland, to be away from the embarrassing publicity. Rubin suggests that the scandal, and what Bernhard perceived as his subsequent "expulsion" from the family, had a deep traumatic impact on the 12-year-old. No doubt it did. But, Rubin says, the business about "the five dollars" is actually the *key* to what happened in the subway in December 1984: for what led Goetz to reach for his gun was, precisely, a request from one of the black teenagers (Troy Canty) for five dollars.

These were, Rubin suggests, magic words. They brought the long-term rage inside Bernhard Goetz to the boiling point. Goetz senior had recently died. His death allowed Bernhard to avenge both his (consciously) idealized father and the terrible trauma he himself had suffered 25 years before, on just the type of punk kids who had caused all the original trouble. But it's best just to quote Rubin here:

> Bernhard William Goetz died in September 1984. Three short months later, his son and namesake, mourning a loss that, in fact, had happened a quarter century earlier, walked into a subway train carrying a loaded gun and, at the first provocation, let loose with a barrage of bullets—bullets aimed at targets that existed as much in his past as in the present. . . . These shots were meant to avenge his father and to deliver retribution for his own suffering as well. The conjunction of events is undeniable.

"Undeniable"! As George Orwell once said, only an intellectual would believe this. Rubin has *never* personally met Goetz, *never* personally interviewed him. She simply has no way of knowing if "the five dollars" held a prominent place (consciously or unconsciously) in his memory of the traumatic trial of 1961. This is just off-the-cuff psychologizing from 3,000 miles away. In any case, besides the famous "five dollar" offer by Goetz senior to his boyfriend, there was also a "*ten* dollar" offer, which was perhaps even more important, involving acts even more shocking to 1961 upstate New York. Rubin passes quickly over this last fact. But it means that "the five dollars" was *not* a unique and standout part of the trial testimony. Rather, it was simply part (and not the most important part) of Goetz's father's ongoing bribes to boys he found attractive. Yet the less prominent "the five dollars" was at the 1961 trial, the less likely it is that Troy Canty spoke any "magic words."

With enough careful attention to concrete details, and a sensitive and balanced application of theory, it is possible sometimes to do responsible psychohistory. But Lillian Rubin's "Five Dollar Solution" is not an example of this. On the contrary, it's the sort of thing that has given psychohistory a bad name: It's a rash speculation, based on a single (and not uncommon) coincidence, presented with the total certainty of the second-rater. Worse, in this case the speculation is in the service of a definite and biased ideological agenda. For the virtue of "The Five Dollar Theory" for Rubin is, of course, that it absolves the four black youths of any active role in what happened to them on the subway: They were merely *symbolic* victims, who unfortunately tripped the "trap" in Bernhard Goetz that (supposedly) had been set way back in 1961. In other words, according to "The Five Dollar Theory," Goetz attacked four basically innocent and inoffensive teenagers because one of them happened to say something that set off Goetz's own deep-seated, long-prepared psychosis. As Rubin presents it, Goetz was then raised to the status of a hero by a venal and unthinking New York press, and by a white public that was racist at heart. Hence, the subtitle of her book: *A Time of Madness*. The reference is both to the alleged insanity of Bernhard Goetz and to American society in general.

Given this view of things, it's not so surprising that under a facade of objective "psychological analysis," in reality Rubin never gives Bernhard Goetz a

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fair shake. Everything Goetz has ever done—and I mean everything—is given a negative twist. For instance, after he graduated from NYU in 1971, Goetz worked as a nuclear engineer for Westinghouse Corporation. There he complained constantly at the way corners were being cut in the manufacturing of nuclear reactors; he was eventually fired, essentially for being a "whistle-blower." In the case of at least one of his protests, Navy men who sail on ships powered by Westinghouse reactors still owe Goetz a major debt of gratitude. But Rubin manages to see Goetz's work at Westinghouse not as an example of careful and praiseworthy concern for nuclear safety, but rather as an example of Goetz's "compulsive perfectionist standards" and also (get the point?) his "intolerance." When Goetz later worked on his father's construction projects, he similarly tried—and failed—to get better workmanship installed. Is it really justified to use this behavior, too, as evidence for incipient violent psychosis? Again, Rubin never pauses to ask herself why Goetz's ex-wife can speak of him more with sadness than with bitterness. ("He's a nice person, good and kind and gentle"—though his idea of a romantic gift was a cute automatic saltshaker.) Nor does Rubin ask herself what psychologically *positive* qualities might have gone into making Goetz eventually a success as a small electronics entrepreneur. That occupation required not only careful investment in electronics gear; it also required at least some *minimum* sensitivity in the handling of other human beings (for instance, customers). At the time of the Christmas incident, Goetz was on his way to dinner with friends. Reading Rubin, you'd be surprised to find out Goetz *had* any friends.

Now, it's a general failing of psychohistory that it concentrates on pathology, mental illness—not on psychological strengths. I suppose that's natural, given the origins of psychohistory in medical practice, which has a similar (and proper) concern. Nevertheless, just because of this emphasis on pathology, psychohistorical methods and jargon—when in the hands of a devotee truly out to trash someone—can easily degenerate into plain old-fashioned character assassination. That, I suspect, is exactly what happened in Lillian Rubin's book.

And in one crucial way Rubin really is *spectacularly* unfair to Goetz, failing to present to us the complete man and his history. For amazingly, she virtually ignores the fact that three years before the Christmas subway incident, Goetz had been mugged and brutally beaten—moreover, mugged and brutally beaten in the subway, and by three black youths. If one were looking for a psychological trauma in Goetz's past that might have had a devastating impact on Goetz's actions when confronted with four black youths in the subway in 1984, surely *this is it*. Why conjure up the baroque "Five Dollar Theory," based as it is on a small coincidence with an event 25 years old, when an absolutely eerie parallel exists between the events of 1981 and 1984—when the obvious is staring you right in the face?

Yet Rubin dismisses Goetz's prior mugging in a short and remarkably bland paragraph, and she never returns to a discussion of it. She is especially uninterested in the permanent injuries Goetz sustained in 1981: *They* receive half a sentence (and she gets them wrong!). Rubin's lack of interest in Goetz's physical and emotional suffering in 1981 is all the more striking in view of her in-depth descriptions of the damage done by Goetz's bullets in 1984, and especially her pages and pages on the ordeal of Darrell Cabey. No detail is spared there; every effort is made to wring sympathy from the reader. This was the point where I began to realize just how far Rubin had loaded the dice against Goetz (and in favor of her own pet theory?). The situation is all the more bizarre because Rubin *knows* that the 1981 mugging made a large impact on Goetz: She notes in an irritated tone that he was always complaining about it! On a generous interpretation, Rubin is just being unbelievably obtuse here. But frankly, not to give a prominent place to Goetz's previous mugging and the specific *circumstances* of that mugging verges on deception of the reader who wishes truly to understand the events in the subway in 1984.

It's deceptive because Rubin chooses to emphasize a deep-seated rage in Goetz (allegedly deriving from his long-ago childhood) at the expense of another possible emotion: *fear*.

No doubt there *was* a lot of anger in Goetz, beneath his classic wimp-of-science exterior. There was anger at the pain and violation he'd suffered in 1981, at the fact that only one of his assailants had ever been caught, at the fact that *that* case had dragged on for over a year, and that the mugger (by means of plea bargaining) ended up serving only four months in jail on a misdemeanor—while *he* was left with a permanent knee problem. Goetz was especially angry, it seems, that even after the mugging, the city denied him a gun permit on grounds of "insufficient cause"—although his occupation often required him to carry around expensive electronics gear, making him a likely target for thugs (as had happened, precisely, in 1981).

Yet anyone who has ever been brutalized by muggers will tell you that the main and longest-lasting psychological impact is *terror*: permanent terror that it might happen again. As one victim told me (she was the person who threw down Rubin's book in disgust): "People who have been mugged have a sort of 'black hole'—inside them—a terrible fear of it happening again, and an *absolute* fear of anyone who looks like the person who mugged them before."

"An absolute fear of anyone who looked like the person who mugged them before . . ." Surely here we approach the heart of the matter and the most plausible reconstruction of what happened when Bernhard Goetz stepped on board that IRT #2 train on December 22, 1984. It must have seemed to him that he had suddenly stepped back into the past, back into his own worst nightmare, a horrifying replay of the trauma he'd suffered three years earlier. Once again, as in 1981, he found himself alone and confronted by a band of threatening black youths. It was the misfortune of those youths (Barry Allen, Darrell Cabey, Troy Canty, and James Ramseur) that they accosted someone who had obviously vowed "*The next time*, I'll be ready"—someone who was not only terrified, but also armed with a gun.

The central question, of course, is whether Goetz was in fact not merely prepared but *over*-prepared: whether in his paranoia he misinterpreted the

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actions of the four youths and began blasting away at a group of essentially innocent people who had done nothing to him and *intended* to do nothing to him.

Lillian Rubin, for one, has no doubts that the intentions of the four youths were essentially innocent and peaceable, and that their actions were—at the very worst—only mildly provocative (but enough to set off, of course, Goetz's "Five Dollar" rage from a quarter-century before). Thus Rubin presents the subway car as one in which a sense of peaceful normalcy prevailed before Goetz arrived; she "knows" and constantly repeats that Troy Canty merely "requested" five dollars; she "knows" and constantly repeats that Goetz shot two of these "kids" in the back as they were running away and one of them (Darrell Cabey) while he was seated and trying to hide.

She should have waited for the trial before publishing this book. Detailed testimony at the trial has shown that most of the above assertions are open to question, that one of them (about Troy Canty's behavior) is probably false, and that one of them (the crucial first one) is certainly false. It is unclear where Darrell Cabey was located when he was shot and whether he was sitting or standing. The prosecution's medical experts were firm that one of the youths (Barry Allen) had indeed been shot in the back; this was denied, with equal firmness, by the medical experts of the defense. And even the prosecution's experts were uncertain whether a second youth (James Ramseur) was shot in the back as well (this too, of course, was denied by the medical experts for the defense). As for Canty, it's true that in the courtroom he testified that he very politely asked Goetz for five dollars. But it came out that this contradicted his own statement to the grand jury, where he testified that what he said was the more threatening "Give me five dollars." (This was after two preliminaries: "How you doin'?" and "What time is it?") Moreover, in rather a surprise, James Ramseur testified that Canty was "up in Goetz's face," i.e., was confronting Goetz in a pretty hostile manner, when Goetz pulled the gun (*NYT*, May 20, 1987). Most importantly, two witnesses from the subway car testified that they *themselves* were apprehensive and fearful about the behavior of the youths as the train headed downtown. "I was concerned; I was afraid," said Mary Grant (*NYT*, May 7, 1987).

Indeed, if Rubin had only thought about it more clearly, she would have realized that something untoward was going on in the car—for she notes several times in passing (and with no commentary) that when Goetz got on, the four youths were at one end of the car and all the other passengers were down at the other end. Now why might that be?

It's a question Rubin never asks herself. But Goetz's misfortune was obviously that he got on at the "wrong" end of the car; thereafter, things happened very quickly (within about three minutes). The testimony of Goetz's fellow passengers concerning their own fear of the four youths is crucial here, because it strongly suggests that Goetz's perception of the situation he had stepped into was *not* the result of some unique paranoid delusion on his part. On the contrary: if other people were frightened, too, this strongly suggests that Goetz's understanding of the scene in the car, and of the intentions of the four youths, was rooted in a harsh New York reality. (Part of that reality is that an unbelievable *13,800* felonies are committed in the decrepit and ill-policed New York subway system every year—a number, by the way, which Rubin considers of little importance.)

Besides the fear that Allen, Cabey, Canty, and Ramseur inspired in Goetz's fellow passengers, there's plenty of other evidence to suggest that Goetz was perfectly correct to be afraid of these four people. They were hardly children: They were all either 18 or 19. Each one of them had been arrested or convicted at least twice. In fact, each one of them was facing a trial or a hearing on criminal charges *at the time of the December 22 shooting.*

Let's take these people one at a time. Barry Allen had been arrested four times in the past three years—once for attempted assault. At Goetz's trial he took the Fifth Amendment regarding the events of December 22. He is currently serving a prison term of one to four years for robbery. Darrell Cabey, the man Goetz wounded most grievously, was under indictment for an October armed robbery with a shotgun. Troy Canty, the evident leader of the four, was a dope addict and apprentice burglar who had been arrested four times since 1982. Even Lillian Rubin found him a "frightening" personage; she also suspects that he was blasted out of his mind on cocaine when he accosted Goetz. (Nevertheless, Rubin—what a surprise!—chooses to believe the "polite" version of that scene, as Canty told it to her, rather than Goetz's version; apparently she is unaware that Canty had told a significantly different story to the grand jury.)

James Ramseur seems at first glance the least threatening of the four. He'd been arrested several times, but only for petty larceny and criminal trespass. However, six months after the Goetz incident, Ramseur and an accomplice robbed a pregnant woman at gunpoint, brutally beat her, and then raped and sodomized her. He is currently serving an eight to 25-year term in prison. At Goetz's trial he was disruptive, snarled at the defense attorney, refused to answer questions on cross-examination, and cursed the judge; he ended up being surrounded by armed guards, and his testimony was finally ordered thrown out. The judge later found him in contempt of court on several counts and told him that he'd demonstrated such viciousness that he's played right into the hands of Goetz's defense. The judge was correct: After the trial, one of the jurors said that Ramseur had terrified them.

It is typical of Lillian Rubin's use of strategic silences that she fails to subject these four obvious sociopaths to the kind of devastating "psychological analysis" she inflicted on Bernhard Goetz. One can only wonder what sort of grotesque pathology Rubin would have come up with if she'd applied the same standards of behavior to them as she imposed on him. But of course that's precisely what she does not do.

But, people say, at the time of the incident Goetz couldn't have known any of the facts you've presented above: He had no idea who these people were. True enough. But *our* task is to attempt to determine whether Goetz's on-the-spot assessment of his situation—that he was surrounded by vicious thugs who were about to beat

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him up and rob him—is likely to have been accurate. And *we* do know who these people were. Given the facts above, it seems to me that the burden of proof must rest heavily on those who would deny that Goetz got things perfectly right.

And there's even more evidence here. Darrell Cabey told columnist Jimmy Breslin that the youths had indeed intended to rob Goetz: "They were going to rob him. He looked like easy bait." A cop who arrived on the scene said that Troy Canty told him the same thing: "We were going to rob him, but he shot us first." A second cop said that Canty, the next day, described to him a scene where the four youths intentionally surrounded Goetz and threatened him because "he looked soft." All these seem explicit admissions, from the youths themselves, that Goetz was in a very dangerous situation in that subway car.

Each of these pieces of evidence has been doubted. It's been suggested that Cabey is now too brain-damaged to know what he's saying, that the first cop is simply lying (to help Goetz), and that the second cop's testimony doesn't indicate *exactly* that Goetz was going to be robbed. I would reply: Three sources are all telling approximately the same story; is it likely that they are *all* wrong?

Therefore, this "second myth" about the Goetz case—that Bernhard Goetz was a paranoid psychotic who responded to "imaginary threats" or that, conversely, he was representative of white middle-class oppression of blacks and hostility towards them—this "second myth" ought to be abandoned. It has appealed all along only to those of a certain ideological bent, anyway. Goetz was a frightened man, responding to dangerous thugs. Hence the scenes we saw before the courthouse in New York: marching white Marxists screaming that Goetz equaled the Ku Klux Klan, while spokesmen for ordinary citizens, both minority and white, were supporting Goetz totally. Some examples of the latter are worth quoting: (1) Curtis Sliwa, the leader of the Guardian Angels, backed Goetz from the beginning because "we knew who those guys were; they were notorious"; (2) Roy Innis, the head of the Congress of Racial Equality: Goetz was "the avenger of all of us; some black man ought to have done it long before; I wish it had been me." The retired schoolteacher quoted in the second paragraph of this article is also black. And it's worth noting that support for Goetz was very strong in all-black "Claremont Village"—the crime-ridden neighborhood from which the men he shot came (ABC News, June 20, 1987). The defense of civilized society against the likes of James Ramseur is not a racial issue.

On June 16, 1987, a New York jury (which included blacks and Hispanics) found Bernhard Goetz not guilty of charges of attempted murder, assault, and reckless endangerment. The only charge that stuck against Goetz was illegal possession of a handgun. The jury didn't accept any version of "the second myth" either—perhaps because three of the jurors had themselves been victims of subway crime.

But just because the "second myth" about the Goetz case is false does not mean that the "first myth"—that Goetz was a simple and authentic hero—is true. On the contrary: While the "first myth" is more related to reality than the "second," it, too, is basically false.

The fact is that Goetz was carrying a gun illegally and that when he pulled it out he did exactly what law enforcement officers fear happens when ordinary citizens begin to brandish firearms: He lost control of himself. That happens often enough to cops—who go through rigorous training. Goetz, as far as we know, trained himself.

It's possible that, on a cool and rational assessment of the situation, Goetz could have scared off those four thugs simply by pulling out the pistol. Instead, he *immediately* began shooting—and *kept on* shooting, until the gun was empty. On his own admission, the reason for this is clear enough: "I was acting out of god-damned fear. They were about to wipe the floor with me. If you corner a rat and you are about to butcher it, OK? The way I responded was viciously and savagely, just like a rat." Afterwards, Goetz himself was unsure whether, in the heat of the moment, he hadn't used excessive force. His own doubt about this was the single most damaging piece of evidence against him at his trial: "I know in my heart I was a murderer. . . . I just snapped." One wonders especially whether the famous "fifth shot," the one that evidently crippled Darrell Cabey for life, was really necessary. (This is true whether or not you accept that Goetz said to Cabey, "You seem to be doing all right; here's another"—words *denied*, by the way, by at least one prominent eyewitness, Victor Flores.)

It was in remorse over what he'd done—and remorse over what, in that minute in the subway, he'd become—that Goetz later said he felt like a murderer. His actions, and his subsequent feelings of horror at them, are the best answer to those on the right who responded to the incident by suggesting that every citizen should take a gun down into the New York subway. Even so mild-mannered and civilized a person as Bernhard Goetz was unable to control himself once he had that pistol in his hand. (Neither the left *nor* the right, it seems, is much interested in understanding the disorderly, specific facts of the story.)

So Goetz is right when he says he's no hero. Part of the defense at his trial was that in the stress of the moment, and once the gun was in his hand, his nervous system went "on automatic pilot" until he had more or less destroyed all four of his tormentors. This scenario makes some sense. But the last thing American cities need right now is people walking around with handguns, blasting away "on automatic pilot."

Still, one must confront honestly the basic dilemma the Goetz case raises. New York gun laws make it extremely difficult for ordinary citizens to procure legal handguns with which to defend themselves personally, in a city with a very large and notoriously violent criminal population. At the same time, there are too few police to provide the ordinary citizen with community protection (the protection to which that citizen is theoretically entitled, that forms the *theoretical* basis of the harsh gun-control laws). So, as one U.S. senator said, "I'm afraid to get in that subway system even when I'm with my bodyguard." Well, not many ordinary people can *afford* bodyguards, i.e., private police (the rich and the powerful, of course, always manage to get by). What are the rest of us who live in big cities supposed to *do* about

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protecting ourselves—not in the long run, but right now? This is the dilemma Bernhard Goetz faced; this is why he is neither a vile figure nor a heroic one, but rather a tragic one.

A final thought. It's no accident that a psychotherapist who fully partakes of the dominant political culture of the Bay Area should write a book in which Bernhard Goetz receives no sympathy, while the four thugs who accosted him are made into martyrs. Nor is it an accident that a radical lawyer like William Kunstler is involved in a plan to sue Goetz for millions of dollars over his alleged violation of the "civil rights" of the thugs. Nor, finally, is it at all surprising to find left-wing sociology professors describing Bernhard Goetz as merely another example of white middle-class oppression of underprivileged minorities.

That is, Lillian Rubin's book is best understood as part of a *particular* cultural context of the left. It is a culture of instinctive "sympathy for the devil," a feeling that criminals in this society are as much victims as victimizers, as much sinned *against* as sinners—if not more so. It's this sort of thinking that led Norman Mailer to champion the murderer Jack Henry Abbott as a great, persecuted American writer and hero—whereupon Abbott was let out of jail and promptly killed again. It's this sort of thinking that (in another famous case) led left-wing Catholics at Yale to pour sympathy on Richard Herren after he hammered his girlfriend Bonnie Garland to death when she jilted him: Herren, after all, was Hispanic, and thus automatically one of the oppressed of the earth; Bonnie Garland was Anglo, and rich (in short: a bitch). And it's this sort of thinking that led a lawyer for a "prisoners' rights group" in California to complain angrily about how popular demonstrations against Lawrence Singleton, following his early release from prison, had "completely disrupted Mr. Singleton's life"; the lawyer failed to mention Singleton's crime—which was the raping of a 15-year-old girl and *the cutting off of her arms*. What, then, is more natural than for Lillian Rubin to end her book with a bitter analysis not of her four thugs but of American society, its inequities and racism?

The left, of course, is perfectly entitled to engage in its bitter and subtle "analyses" of crime in America. But most Americans don't think about crime in this way: They're too busy worrying about how to defend themselves from criminals. So the reality is that the left's "analyses" of crime come at a high political cost. By essentially excusing criminal behavior, or attempting to "understand" it, or by using it as a vehicle for condemning society rather than the criminal, the left essentially places itself *outside* American society—and adopts a hostile stance towards it. And from such a position of hostility, the left ought to have a very hard time gaining credibility with the American people for any of its ideas (including its ideas about crime). To which one can only respond: Thank God.

Falling Off the Turnip Truck *by J.O. Tate*

"And somewhere, waiting for its birth,/
The shaft is in the stone."

—Henry Timrod

Rural Worlds Lost: The American South 1920-1960 **by Jack Temple Kirby, Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press.**

Southern Folk, Plain & Fancy: Native White Social Types **by John Shelton Reed, Athens, GA: University of Georgia Press; $13.95.**

Media-Made Dixie: The South in the American Imagination **(revised edition) by Jack Temple Kirby, Athens: University of Georgia Press; $12.95.**

Searching for the "Southern quality" once identified by Marshall McLuhan can be an absorbing and rewarding quest. After all, the South is a vast and varied region, one that has, as things go in this country, a lot of history and a brace of interlocking cultures. But even though the South is *there*, you still have to search for it: so many interstate highways, Chicken Lickin's, Honda factories, West German pharmaceutical plants, and transplanted Yankees get in the way. When you finally do run into an authentic item or personification of Southern culture, you would know it in the dark. Some months ago I was sitting with some company in the reconstituted basement of an antebellum mansion (complete with its original boxwoods and crepe myrtles, with a sword hanging in the hall upstairs), listening to a 90-year-old lady explain just exactly why Flannery O'Connor was a spoiled child, a malevolent person, a literary fraud, and a purveyor of ugliness. The lady spoke from personal familiarity and was proud she had slammed *Wise Blood* shut on page 5 back in 1952. She had *no intention* of ever opening it again!

The worse, the better. Feeling a bit like Quentin Compson listening to Miss Rosa, I was glad there were witnesses to confirm the occasion. But of course there are other ways of exploring or identifying Southern culture, and I don't necessarily mean reading Lewis Grizzard or getting on the outside of real biscuits and serious ham or viewing *Ernest Goes to Camp* or consulting Ernest Matthew Mickler's *White Trash Cooking*. But I do mean reading some recent serious studies of the South, such as Jack Temple Kirby's *Rural Worlds Lost: The American South 1920-1960*.

Professor Kirby relates a story that every Southerner who didn't (or even did) fall off a turnip truck knows something about. His big book is a study of modernization, rural industrialization, displacement and migration, in short, of a transmogrification of a culture:

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> But all the while most of the local folk had also clung to traditional securities—the country home, the little farm, the garden and animals—even as they ventured out to mine and mill. Keeping and using the land and domesticated beasts were prudent in an uncertain world, as well as very old habits. Then during the early 1960's something very quiet and profound happened. It became apparent . . . that mining families and even farmers had abandoned their gardens, hen houses and pigpens. Chain grocery stores had arrived and won acceptance. Cash flowed, especially from the mines; hard times seemed remote. So village and country folk at last gave up their old culture of living at home in favor of living out of bags. The phenomenon of the pickup truck parked outside the Piggly Wiggly supermarket, now so common it provokes little comment, had materialized.

But in spite of an abundance of statistics, information, and distinctions, what we don't find much of in *Rural Worlds Lost* is a sense of—loss. Indeed, Professor Kirby's book puts me in mind of 1930's dustbowl photos and of movies like *I Was a Fugitive From a Georgia Chain Gang*. The picture he draws of extended misery is an academic symphony of ideological clichés, hackneyed images that lead us to wonder: My goodness, how did those people *survive*?

Kirby's portrait of a South he carefully varies winds up as an informed and thoughtful rehash of Popular Front ideology. After you get through with all those vicious landowners, hookworm and pellagra-ridden white trash, shiftless rednecks, long-suffering blacks, battered wives, laboring children, and abused animals, you have to wonder what all the fuss is about. Clearly, Southerners desperately and simply needed the TVA, government intervention, the Southern Tenant Farmer's Union (heavily emphasized), the United Cannery, Agricultural, Packing, and Allied Workers of America—there was no South at all, except as a slum project for idealistic reformers like Alger Hiss and Carey McWilliams. It's at this point that we begin to see Kirby's best pages, as the ones on mule flatulence.

So what, after all, was lost? The man on the street could tell you, but Kirby can't.

> One is at a loss to discover, then, a southern folk who shared some broad sense of history, class consciousness, cultural cohesion, or mission. To be sure some segments of the region's rural population did—most notably organized coal miners and members of radical tenant farmer organizations. Most southerners might best be described, however, as less a folk than a *folkmash*: this is an excellent Yiddish term which means (in Irving Howe's explanation) that people "responded more to the urgencies of their experience than to any fixed idea"; there was "no 'principled' reason" behind their actions.

Does this mean that the oblique gain of a Yiddishism easily makes up for the loss of nothing?

In such a context, Kirby's predictably grudging recognition of William Alexander Percy leads to the trashing of a class: "Percy's class made a mockery of the term *gentleman*, which they loved so well, and discredited themselves before the class and the race they pretended to protect. Posing as premodern aristocrats, they lost credibility long before their fragmented plantations were depopulated and enclosed." Obviously anyone Southern and white who has an idea not on the

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approved agenda is "an intellectual interventionist," or worse. Kirby's odd digression on John Powell leads to an obtuse dismissal of the Vanderbilt Agrarians as "eccentric reactionaries who condemned the city and factory and ignorantly celebrated an idyllic rural tradition."

Anyone anticipating an account of "rural worlds lost" will be disappointed by Kirby's rendering of women—those repressed, suppressed, oppressed victims obviously had everything to gain from birth control, abortion, divorce, and employment in factories. Freedom and familism and identity—shabby stuff—were "mercifully executed" in an exodus out of *Gemeinschaft* into *Gesellschaft*; and the "adaptation" or migration to the cash nexus is a "preeminent 'solution'" to the social problem that was the South. The progressive Professor Kirby's book—which should have been titled *Urban Lifestyles Gained*—will play well in centers of contemporary consciousness.

Jack Temple Kirby's *Media-Made Dixie: The South in the American Imagination* doesn't quite square with his *Rural Worlds Lost*, because in his study of popular culture, first published in 1978, he forgot to bash the Agrarians. In recognizing the merit of Frank Owsley's *Plain Folk of the Old South*, he calls Owsley's decriers, not Owsley, "romantic."

What *Media-Made Dixie* could use is less confusion and more imagination. Kirby fumbles the easy ones too often. For example, the Robert Mitchum movie *Thunder Road* is cited in terms of stockcar racing, but that film's dramatization of rural versus urban values and systems, its subtext of conflict and war, its celebration of the culture of moonshine, and its immense and recycled popularity in the South, where Ted Turner still reruns it, are not analyzed.

The treatment of "Dizzy" Dean as a "mellow" sportscaster is botched by a significant omission. Kirby remembers that "Old Diz" was attacked by schoolteachers in 1946 for his grammar and pronunciation but neglects to tell the story of how Dean was attacked in 1964 by the Congress for Racial Equality because he had a way of praising the "good people down in Mississippi." Heaven forbid! A year later, Dizzy Dean, the cotton-pickin' personification of the Southerners as a nice guy, was off the air for good. But *Media-Made Dixie* has nothing to say about this episode of Dixie being unmade by the media.

Even in expatiating on *The Waltons*, Kirby can't get things straight. Earl Hamner Jr.'s remarks, cited by Kirby as showing "unmistakable conservative militance," are in effect the answer to *Rural Worlds Lost*:

> I learned that we had been "economically deprived"; that we lived in a "depressed area" and that we suffered from a disease called "familism." Familism is "a type of social organization in which the family is considered more important than other social groups or the individual." Unaware of the affliction, we thought we loved each other. Even today, with a highfalutin sociological name for it, I still prefer to call it love.

The problem of discrimination, of judgment, fatally compromises *Media-Made Dixie*, which discusses *Birth of a Nation*, *Gone With the Wind*, and *Roots* without any reference to the strongest statement ever made on the tangled sequence—Leslie Fiedler's *The Inadvertent Epic* (1979). Kirby even has trouble with the movie *Walking Tall*: "It had most of the ugly, majoritarian sentiments of Richard Nixon's 'law and order' reelection campaign that same year."

Kirby ends with a celebration of the tenuous talents of Alice Walker, attributing to her a "skill with free verse" which we would be hard pressed to justify—unless, of course, her "Song" indeed were an apotheosis of Parnassian inspiration. I mean, should we say that the poet's lips are touched with fire?

> The world is full of colored people
> People of Color
> Tra-la-la
> The world is full of colored people
> Tra-la-la-la-la . . .

If Alice Walker's "Song" is "skilled," then *The Color Purple* is even yet more ineffably and bodaciously skilled, you bet. In *Media-Made Dixie*, Jack Temple Kirby cites Jack Temple Kirby's *Rural Worlds Lost* as a justification of Alice Walker's profound insights:

> Walker is old enough herself to know some sad truths about relations between the sexes as well as between the races. And my own research on the home lives of thousands of southern rural folks, black *and white*, during the first half of the twentieth century, bears her out. Women were enslaved by family and drudgery in homes and fields. Men, even sharecroppers, were relatively free to go about, to hunt and socialize, to carouse, to leave. Some men were loyal, kind, loving. Most were not, but over the generations showed more consideration to mules and dogs than to their women.

How do you spell relief? Though Mr. Kirby's books make me long to abandon reading and take off for Tuscaloosa, I'm glad I tarried for John Shelton Reed's *Southern Folk, Plain & Fancy*. Professor Reed's relaxed little book may have gained some of its grace from its origin as a series of lectures. In any case, Reed's observations and speculations are braced not only by his erudition but also by a sense of humor, a lack of contempt, and a gift of style.

Expanding on the theory of social types known from Orrin Klapp's *Heroes, Villains, and Fools* (1962), and projecting from Daniel R. Hundley's *Social Relations in Our Southern States* (1860), Reed essays a taxonomy of Southern social types, examples of which stretch from Ashley Wilkes to Boss Hogg. Professor Reed's polite skepticism allows him to juggle deftly a parade of "problems": *Backwoods Hussy*, Ernest T. Bass, Burt Reynolds, Billy Carter, and so on.

John Shelton Reed has, here as elsewhere, implied a future for the South, for Southern social types, for the survival of sectionalism even in the Global Village. I wonder if he's right; and I hope he is. But I recently heard a seasoned observer of the Southern scene speculate about the future of the "good old boys." He said, "They have

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their *culture* — their food, their John Deere caps, their pickups. But their trucks are made in Japan and those caps come from Taiwan." Paul Hogan's success in *"Crocodile" Dundee* was anomalous and perhaps portentous: the American public reached to the Antipodes for a retread of Gary Cooper, once so close to home.

I will surrender the books of Kirby (even Reed) in exchange for a parole to the reality one distorts and the other describes. I take with me the reassurance inspired by Reed's quotation from a New York intellectual: "I can never encounter a white Southerner without feeling a murderousness pass between us. As though, whatever his personal instincts, his ethnic history predisposes him to regard castration and rape as his prerogatives." This in turn will forever remind me of another quotation of Reed's — from Junior Samples: "I don't know nothin', but I *suspect* a lot of things."

Heroes Wanted

by Allan C. Carlson

***A World Without Heroes: The Modern Tragedy* by George Roche, Hillsdale, MI: Hillsdale College Press; $12.95.**

In that bloated morass called American higher education, only a few institutions remain that are committed to the classical virtues and to learning as an induction into Western civilization. Hillsdale College is counted among that number.

Credit for holding that course goes to George Roche, who as the institution's president has labored to defend the heritage of the Western world out of an unlikely corner of Michigan, in a deeply troubled time. While most of his college peers have been transformed into "chief executive officers" managing bureaucratic empires and buying off faculty favorites, Roche has held to an older model of academic leadership. Assuming the mantle of moral philosopher, Roche speaks to his community of scholars and his nation as learned analyst and wise prophet.

His new book, *A World Without Heroes*, is that rarest of late-20th-century phenomena: a moral essay. Where Allan Bloom's *The Closing of the American Mind* looks to the corruption of philosophy as the cause of our woes, Roche digs deeper and chronicles the disease of the modern soul. The result is not for the faint of heart. The author describes our time as a war of the withered and sick against all that is whole and beautiful. While the Soviet Union celebrates the mailed fist, Roche sees the United States worshiping the raised phallus. Moral relativity has swept over our civilization, he continues, leaving in its wake a desperate struggle between Christianity and secularity. Indeed, the latter seems to be winning. America's mawkish "pursuit of happiness," Roche concludes, has led to a search for cheap thrills, an egoistic materialism that combines corruption of our language, ruin of our art, and general failure of our educational structures. Roche even dismisses the "phantom" of relatively high church attendance, noting that many denominations are run by and for those who do not worship.

Above all, the author laments the modern loss of the heroic, the absence of individuals nurtured by a healthy community within an objective moral order, the disappearance of persons who at risk of pain or death commit selfless acts in the name of truth. Today, he says, America is dominated by the antiheroic and its great transmitters: the electronic media, the post-Christian churches, and the schools. While it is possible to quibble on the margins of his argument, Roche's overall indictment is powerful and unnerving.

Into our veil of tears, though, Roche does deliver hope. In crafting his argument, for example, he utilizes the insights of a fairly impressive number of 20th-century thinkers — Orwell, Lewis, Chambers, Muggeridge, Weaver, Chesterton — suggesting that, at least in brilliant dissent, the Western Christian legacy survives. He takes heart from the growing recognition that true physical science is a creature born out of Christianity, not against it, and that religion and scientific truth claims show signs of again being one, through a rediscovery of the natural law. Roche also describes a great sea change happening in America, as new generations commit themselves to the revivification of a civilization.

The author labels this volume an "enchiridion," a small "moral" dagger bequeathed to his own children to protect them "from the swarming night." We are fortunate that he has chosen to share it beyond his family, for George Roche's own example testifies that our land has not yet fully succumbed to the dismal forces of the antiheroic.

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The First Ring of Hostility

by Michael Warder

***Moscow 2042* by Vladimir Voinovich, New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $16.95.**

Cows sacred, evil, and venal are shot by Vladimir Voinovich in this satiric look at the Soviet Union that reads like a combination "Ivan in Wonderland" and Zamiatin's WE. The hero of *Moscow 2042*, like Voinovich, is a Soviet émigré writer living in West Germany. Our protagonist, Vitaly Kartsev, takes a 30-day trip by airplane back to a Moscow 60 years in the future.

Upon landing at the airport he sees the familiar huge portraits of Marx, Engels, and Lenin, but a Jesus in a business suit has joined this pantheon of gods. We gradually learn that the Communist Reformed Church has taken a prominent role in the regime in return for switching to straightforward atheism — ceremonies, rituals, and religious garb are all retained.

Kartsev is given all the respect a literary "classic" deserves even though his books are not published, their titles are never mentioned, and passages are never quoted. Past and future, fiction and fact begin to blur as we learn of the intense interest the all-powerful Editorial Commission has in convincing the "living classic" Kartsev to revise one of his previous works, *Moscow 2042*.

After reading his book, which he has not yet written, Vitaly Kartsev is asked to delete all references to Sim Simych Karnavalov. Sim — a devastating caricature of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn — desires to return to Moscow from the

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West after prolonged absence in order to restore the office of the Tsar. Vitaly simply cannot understand why the very elderly leaders of the Editorial Commission are so concerned about "improving" a work of fiction.

It turns out that the State Editorial Commission censors no writers. They may write whatever they wish — only none of it can be printed. In fact, there are whole divisions of writers in the Paplesslit (Paperless Literature) department who are busy at the keyboards all day satisfying their personal need to write. The decision about what literature is more generally needed, however, is made by the Editorial Commission. The state has surpassed socialist realism for Communist realism, and all serious writing is done by the Generalissimo.

The Generalissimo, who looks very much like one of Vitaly's old friends who was a bit of a hustler, is venerated everywhere *ad nauseum*. He is judged superior to Jesus, Marx, Engels, and Lenin and circles the globe in a satellite which can never return to earth. In the meantime, several deputies actually run things on earth in accord with his wishes. He can't return because the deputies don't want him to return after seeing the impracticality of some of his ideas. All parties agree, including the Generalissimo, that the arrangement is for the best.

As the story continues, we learn that others in Vitaly's past life are still alive. Traces of the future can be seen 60 years earlier, but Vitaly is hardly prepared for their continued physical existence. It turns out that one of the hierarchy has developed an elixir of life — a very handy scientific breakthrough for a gerontocracy that just seems to go on and on.

There is much mordant logic throughout this book. For instance, Lenin spoke of worldwide Communism and Stalin of Socialism in one country. The Generalissimo introduced Communism in one city. Sick, dying, or ideologically suspect persons are kept outside the city in the First Ring of Hostility, which is composed of filial republics of the Soviet Union. After the Filial Ring of Hostility there is the Fraternal Ring of Hostility, composed of socialist countries. Finally, there is the Enemy Ring of Hostility composed of capitalist lands. In Moscow itself, in the innermost of three rings within the city, all of which are inside the first Ring of Hostility, we have full and complete Communism.

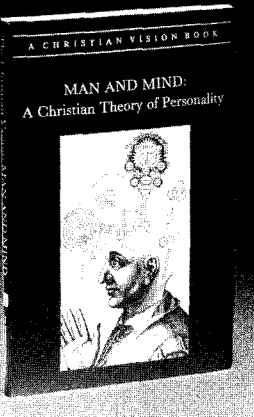
From each according to his ability to each according to his needs. This is not as tough as it sounds once you realize that needs have to be determined scientifically. Everyone has general needs: food, clothing, and shelter. Beyond those general needs are the higher-level needs. Sure, some might like good-tasting, nutritious food rather than the foul-smelling but minimally nutritious vegetarian pork. The question is, do they need it? Members of the Editorial Commission, KPGB (a combination of Communist Party and state security), and the Supreme Pentagon, all have, as one might well understand, the highest level of needs.

But all is not well in Moscow. The letters "SIM" appear with increasing frequency as graffiti. Vitaly learns these are written by Simites, who are beginning to penetrate the inner circle. Vitaly eventually learns that many of the upper echelons of the hierarchy are closet Simites, who are also agents of the CIA. In fact, it turns out many of these same people are total cynics who really believe whatever they must to keep these higher-level needs satisfied.

And now we learn why there was so much effort to censor *Moscow 2042*. Sim Simych Karnavalov has been kept on ice for 60 years in a state of suspended animation, and rumor has it that he has just been thawed out. Fiction and fact are racing very quickly toward the end of this book as the Editorial Commission pressures Vitaly to change his manuscript lest the future be affected by his past account of a future fictional event.

The book is a wholesale assault on the Soviet system and to a lesser extent on Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. Perhaps Voinovich has earned the right for this two-pronged attack. He put his neck on the line for Solzhenitsyn in the Soviet literature wars of the early 1970's until his own forced exile in 1980. He clearly is distrustful of any

MAN AND MIND:
A CHRISTIAN THEORY OF PERSONALITY



Why are so many psychologists hostile to religious explanations of human behavior? In what has been hailed as a path-breaking study, nine psychologists, theologians and philosophers offer the reason: Thomas J. Burke, Stephen R. Briggs, Mary Vander Goot, Paul C. Vitz, Charles Ransford, Merold Westphal, William Kirk Kilpatrick, John S. Reist, Jr., and Mary Stewart Van Leeuwen.

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author, *The Naked Public Square*

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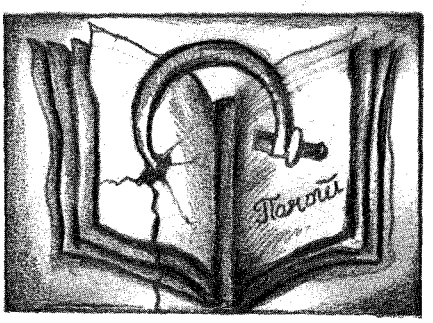
sweeping claims to truth whether it be from the party or a literary giant.

Solzhenitsyn's creative and historical work is epic in nature. Voinovich is a satirist capable of laughing at himself and others while Solzhenitsyn feels responsible for saving Russian history, language, and literature. It grates upon other Soviet émigré writers that Solzhenitsyn is not on the publishing circuit and stays in his high white house.



Voinovich seems to have agreed with the more modest claims to truth of Vasily Grossman, the Soviet author of *Life and Fate*, which he smuggled out of the Soviet Union in 1980. Grossman, who died a victim of gross Soviet repression, believed in the spontaneous acts of human kindness which had little to do with the absolutist claims to the Good made by fascists, Communists, or religion.

When shooting sacred cows, it's important to make the distinction between the cow and the sacred. In 2042 Voinovich makes one consider which is which in a most entertaining way.

Michael Warder is executive vice president of The Rockford Institute.

A Public Benefactor

by James E. Person Jr.

***Frock Coats and Epaulets: Psychological Portraits of Confederate Military and Political Leaders* by Alf J. Mapp Jr., Lanham, MD: Hamilton Press.**

"Of all the frauds that ever have been perpetrated on our generation, this 'psychography' is the worst," wrote Douglas Southall Freeman a few weeks before his death, adding, "How dare a man say what another man is thinking when he may not know what he himself is thinking!" This criticism is what the distinguished biographer of Robert E. Lee and George Washington strove to impart to the many aspiring historians and biographers who had over the years approached him for advice. One of them, Alf J. Mapp Jr., now long established as a formidable scholar of American history in his own right, has not by design sought to match Freeman's famed exhaustive detail in the book at hand, which itself is a revised edition of a book originally published a quarter-century ago. He has, though, produced compelling and insightful short biographies of six military and political leaders who arose in the American South during the four-year existence of the Confederate States of America.

Respecting Freeman's above-mentioned remarks, delivered before a meeting of the Chicago and Richmond Civil War Round Tables in 1953, Mapp has not written psychographies in *Frock Coats and Epaulets*, but instead lively, anecdotal biographies, striving throughout to let his six principals — Jefferson Davis, Judah P. Benjamin, Stonewall Jackson, Jeb Stuart, Joseph E. Johnston, and Lee — each tell his own story in his own words. Psychological guesswork, therefore, has no part in the book, with each of the portraits augmented by information culled from contemporary newspaper accounts, official Confederate war records, private family papers, the published reminiscences of the subjects' relatives and of Confederate veterans, and important historical works published since that national conflagration which Jackson called the "Second War for Independence."

As might be expected, these six studies at times overlap. "The man who is a mere spear carrier in one chapter, or perhaps is only a disembodied voice from the wings, may be the chief protagonist in the next," writes Mapp in his foreword. Read as a single unit, *Frock Coats and Epaulets* thus provides a prismatic view of the subjects' characters. The reader sees Johnston, for example, through the admiring eyes of Lee, the wary eyes of Jackson, and from the bitterly frustrated, fed-up-to-the-eyebrows perspective of Davis. A composite portrait slowly emerges, and with it a deeper understanding of the complex figures Mapp has chosen to examine.

Mapp's primary concern, he writes, "is not with military or political strategy, but with individual character." Considered as such, the Davis, Lee, and Stuart studies are especially well rendered. Davis, whose story opens the volume, stands revealed as the sort of man of whom legends are made; indeed, some of the episodes of his pre-presidential military service in Mexico and on the American middle border bring to mind excerpts from the legend of Davy Crockett. In "Robert E. Lee: Man of Disciplined Fire," Mapp departs from Freeman's perception of the great Virginian as a "simple man" and traces the influence wrought upon Lee's contemporaries and the course of American history by the general's levelheadedness and strong sense of patriotism and honor. Mapp offers convincing evidence that Lee's code of *noblesse oblige* was construed as weakness by some subordinates, notably Longstreet, and contributed indirectly but significantly to the Confederate disaster at Gettysburg. Stuart emerges as a grand and romantic figure: the chivalrous self-styled "Knight of the Golden Spurs"; perhaps the world's last major military figure who spoke, rode, sang, and fought like a figure from the works of Dumas or Malory. Fifty years after Stuart's death at Yellow Tavern, the last of his like — if any existed — were cut to pieces, horses and all, by machine guns on the mechanized battlefields of Belgium and France.

Mapp's knowledge of Civil War history is solid, and his handling of the material is sure. A few serious errors mar the text (Chickamauga was *not* a Confederate defeat; General McDougal's first name was Irvin, not Charles), but they are to be noted but not dwelled upon, for Mapp has otherwise demonstrated a sure knowledge of his subjects, a fair-minded hesitancy to judge them, and great skill in the telling. "The creators of noble books about noble men are public benefactors," wrote Dumas Malone of Freeman. For such portraits as he has rendered in his superb *Frock Coats and Epaulets*, Mapp has established himself, with his mentor, as a public benefactor.

James E. Person Jr. is editor of Literature Criticism from 1400 to 1800 *in Detroit, MI.*

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Letter From Eastern Europe

by Rolf Dammann

Let's Go Poland

Conversations with those who have traveled throughout the Eastern Bloc reveal that group tours, not solo travel, are the rule rather than the exception. For a hefty fee, vacation moguls will relieve the prospective tourist of three major brain drains: consular relations (visas), hotel accommodations, and transportation. Group tour-guides will provide the serious history enthusiast with spectacular points of reference, such as the exact location where Vladimir the Impaler planted a spike in the forehead of some nameless peasant. Gray areas are all but eased with the aid of old standbys such as Harvard University's *Let's Go Europe*, which offers valuable insight into the realm of local cuisines and washroom oddities.

If your idea of adventure, however, is to foment encounters with local police officials, veer into restricted areas, pound a few cold ones with East Bloc soldiers, and subsidize your trip in some perfectly acceptable ways, you won't get much help from that soft-cover you've been touting. Based on a recent sojourn in Poland, I thought it appropriate to offer some casual advice to those who are flirting with the idea of driving, rather than flying or railing from West Berlin to the Polish city of Wroclaw.

For openers, you will be required to leave the 750-year-old city for East Germany through the Drewitz checkpoint, so don't waste the time going to Checkpoint Charlie (for East/West Berlin traffic only) as you will be turned away. If, upon entering the complex of DDR transit routes, you suddenly realize you have neglected to discard publications of a political character, resist the temptation to conceal them under the seat—they will be found. I chose to scatter my copies of *The American Spectator*, *Chronicles*, and *National Review* around the inside of the car so as to suggest their presence was a mere oversight on my part.

Although I did not expect the East German soldiers to recognize Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn on the cover of *The American Spectator*, I was surprised to find they didn't acknowledge the bold-faced "Marxism: A Dying God" caption on the *Chronicles* cover. Moreover, most of their attention was directed at an art book that featured tasteful surf scenes with female bathers and plastic chairs. The border police at the Forst and Zasieki checkpoints responded accordingly, thus ensuring that I could leave the publications with English-speaking friends in Poland.

In transit through the DDR, one might consider taking a brief but forbidden detour, off the highway and into the surrounding villages. Driving at night, we passed an oblong billboard adorned with the U.S. commander in chief and an upright cruise missile. Searching for my camera in the back, I matter-of-factly glanced out the back window in time to see a set of headlights pull out from a side avenue 100 yards to our rear and dim. Expecting we would be scanned with binoculars, I turned on the interior light, raised a road map for 30 seconds, and wound my way back to the highway—a set of headlights in tow. When we reached the border, an officer glanced at the license tag and asked me why I had stopped 40 kilometers back. The phrase "I was lost and reviewing a road map" is an indispensable accessory for the East Bloc traveler.

Shortly before crossing the East German/Polish frontier, you are asked to declare, in writing, every gold watch, diamond ring, and dollar in your possession. After completing said task, you are asked to give verbal confirmation of your itemization. Immediately after nodding your head in the affirmative, you are hustled into a broken down shed for a game of "hide and go seek." Much to my chagrin, the soldier found the $100 I had "forgotten" to declare; and to my relief didn't bat an eyelid. When he discovered a $50 bill in my friend's back pocket, he spouted a torrent of abuse, although he never did confiscate that $50, as is customary. I can offer no insight as to why they go through the motions of playing out such charades without actually enforcing the rule of law, but it certainly adds to the charms of a trip behind the Iron Curtain.

At the conclusion of business on the East German side, you might elicit a smile rather than a frown by asking the distance to Breslau (city in German province of Silesia renamed Wroclaw by Poles after the war). Refrain from asking the same question of a Polish soldier on the other side unless you care for a 15-minute history lesson covering some 500 years of Prussian occupation.

After passing through the Polish checkpoint, attempt to maintain the posted speed limit for the first 15 kilometers or you will be ticketed. Although the maximum fine is 1,000 zloty, don't be deceived: the smiling Polish police officer will gladly hand you *two* 1,000 zloty fines—payable on the spot, of course. Even though the speed limits change every 50 yards along some stretches of road, and even though the signposts are literally hidden behind bushes, don't waste your breath arguing. Two-thousand zloty is only $3.00 dollars on the black market anyway.

Under optimum conditions, the fun begins with the hunger pangs. Traveling south on a near-deserted roadway, we came upon the lone rest stop, some 60 kilometers into Poland. The only people visible when we pulled into the lot were three youthful soldiers loitering behind an army personnel-carrier. Inside the cafeteria, as one might imagine, were numerous Polish sol-

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diers and a handful of patrons in civilian garb.

Although we didn't seem to attract a lot of attention from the soldiers, we were immediately engulfed by a swarm of greenback hunters mumbling something about "Lincoln" and "Washington."

After we placed an order for two bottles of beer and a like number of greasy fowl dishes, two soldiers sauntered over to the table, relieved the currency hawks of their seats, and commenced ordering endless shots of vodka with which we cleansed our palates at a frightening pace. After hearing the word "Wroclaw" delivered in staccato bursts, I assumed the two were interested in catching a ride to Wroclaw with us. Naturally I flashed the thumbs up sign. Shortly thereafter, one of "our" soldiers meandered over to another table where six men, four in uniform, were seated. A shouting match commenced between "our" Pole and one of the civilians, prompting his eviction and our rapid yet quiet retreat from the place.

No sooner had I unlocked the car door than one of two civilians who had followed us attacked one of "our" soldiers as he attempted to enter the vehicle. The soldier responded by flinging his cape to his compatriot, delivering a Bruce Lee-style kick to his attacker's chest. Curiously enough, the small contingent of soldiers near the truck paid absolutely no attention to the melee. For the most part they continued to smoke cigarettes and cast only occasional glances in our direction. My thoughts, though, placed us in shallow graves, forgotten in the boondocks of Poland.

During a brief pause in the action, I motioned for the two to get into the vehicle, which they did without hesitation. As I turned over the ignition, my attention was drawn to one of the civilians, who was approaching the car, brick in hand. My response was simply to lurch forward, hoping to force him to exercise evasive maneuvers—which he did, diving right into the bushes. The second aggressor took a swipe at the passing vehicle with his fist, cracking the passenger window and hopefully his hand. As we sped off, I praised my traveling companion for having the foresight to sign the insurance clause at the auto rental agency in Luxembourg. To this day we are not sure what the fight was all about, or if the civilians were actually military personnel in casual attire.

When we finally reached the Wroclaw city limits two hours later, I was amazed at the number of solid slaps to the face one passenger gave to the other to wake him from his drunken slumber. Low on fuel and unfamiliar with the terrain, I foolishly expected their assistance in locating our final destination. The two soldiers tapped my shoulder every few blocks to signal a stop so they could ask directions. One cannot do proper justice to the recurring scene of six or seven people at road's edge, waving their hands and motioning in different directions. Later on, I was struck with the realization of just how inebriated our passengers were by their performance with a standard telephone. The picture of one soldier attempting to fit a large coin into a much smaller slot while the other held the phone receiver upside down was enough to prompt a graceful withdrawal—we left them standing in the phone booth. One hour and 20 cabdrivers later, we were able to find the right street address.

It would be well worth your effort, from a cultural and capitalistic perspective, to visit area flea markets during your stay. One market, located near the old exhibition hall where both Hitler and Jaruzelski harangued, is easily identified by the slogan "The Polish-Chinese border should run through the Ural mountains" scrawled on the building's side. Inside, a 100-year-old stein in mint condition can be bought for the ridiculous sum of $20, in contrast to $500 in the United States.

During one such shopping "spree," I met Karl, born in the Polish city of Ternopil (Tarnopol) in 1920 of a German mother and Ukrainian father. Forcibly shipped to Germany to work on a farm near Mannheim during the war, Karl returned in 1947 to Tarnopol (previously annexed by the Soviet Union) to practice his livelihood—farming. His continued resistance to Soviet collectivization efforts earned him the title of "Nazi spy" and a 22-year labor term, 21 of which he spent hauling debris from a gold mine near Kamchatka. After his release in 1969, he was granted a visa to visit his one surviving brother in Canada. The brother, it turned out, was an ardent Castro supporter, and their ensuing political disagreements led to a permanent parting of the ways. Karl spat upon the ground at the mere mention of his brother. Unfortunately, he never did finish his story due to the lingering presence of a police informant who, standing at a distance of about 20 feet, seemed much infatuated with an apple core lying in the snow.

On those crisp winter nights, celluloid aficionados may feel inclined to retreat to the warmth of a packed university movie room to catch an old favorite like *Clockwork Orange* or *Easy Rider*. If you forget to bring your own cigarettes to the screening, you will be able to purchase an aromatic Albanian brand famous for the tiny twigs packed inside. Also, remember hearing all of that East Bloc rhetoric about how American films like *Red Dawn* are contrary to the spirit of Reykjavik or Geneva? Well, just as I had never seen *Gone With the Wind* before going to London in 1981, the first time I saw *Rambo* was in Wroclaw.

One cannot really marvel at the inconsistencies of border politics until one has the opportunity to *exit* Poland through a different crossing point. In our case that checkpoint was at Gorlitz, site of the 1950 treaty in which the DDR formally accepted the Oder-Neisse line. Upon discovering my well-worn copy of *The Third World War*, one fastidious soldier felt compelled to hold us for four hours on the premise that the fictitious piece was "gegen die DDR" (against the German Democratic Republic). It didn't matter that I had already succeeded in passing through a total of six checkpoints (including transit to Berlin from Helmstedt) with this same book. "Why are you," I asked, "so concerned about a book that has gone through every other checkpoint—and one that I didn't even bother to leave in Poland or the DDR for that matter?" "The others," he said, "must have made a mistake." He had spoken; the case was concluded.

Rolf Dammann is director of issues analysis of the National Republican Senatorial Committee in Washington, DC.

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Letter From a Legislature

by Ron Gamble

Color-Coding the Pennsylvania Pension Fund

Representative Ron Gamble's speech on the floor of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives against legislation to divest Pennsylvania pension funds from South Africa:

I oppose this legislation wholeheartedly because state government has no business dealing with foreign policy. However, if we are going to initiate a foreign policy based on compassion for our fellow man, let's do it fairly and pass my amendment to do the same in every country whose practices are morally reprehensible to us. And that is what this amendment does. I believe legislation has been introduced in this House to address divestiture of companies doing business in Ireland. But I ask you, if we pass the bills before us today, how can we not pass this amendment to do the same in the Soviet Union, Poland, Afghanistan, Cambodia, Albania, Kenya, Nigeria, Uganda, or Angola, all countries where violations of human rights are everyday occurrences?

First off, we should not be dealing with moral issues thousands of miles away with Pennsylvania pension dollars, at the expense of Pennsylvanians, but rather through the Resolution process — memorializing Congress as we have in the past. South Africa is not an isolated case, nor is it the most inhumane country in the world.

The *Washington Post* reported in August of 1985 that the Vietnamese torture of Cambodians includes beatings, electrical shocks, and lye powder being thrown in victims' faces. The *Wall Street Journal* in April of 1985 also described inhumane torture. The *New York Times* in December of 1984 reported of the legalized arrest and detention policies in Poland, which often lead to the death of the detainees. The same paper reported in December of 1984 of the saturation bombings in Afghanistan in which many thousand innocent civilians have been killed and from which millions have fled. They also reported the habitual discrimination against several religious groups in Albania, a self-declared atheist state.

Which brings me to my constant concern: Why is it that we have singled out South Africa? Currently, all the other black ruled countries of Africa are experiencing political, economic, and social unrest far more debilitating than anything that's occurring in South Africa. Many more people are killed in these countries in one day than in South Africa in a year. And God knows of the seven million that have starved to death in Ethiopia alone, not to mention the others who have starved through corrupt and inept governments.

— In Uganda, soldiers shoot civilians with Soviet-made weapons, according to a *Washington Post* article entitled "Political Violence Has Left Scars on Ugandan Children." These kids have seen their mothers raped, their fathers killed, their houses burned, and when orphaned, they take up arms and fight.

— In Kenya and Nigeria, shantytowns are being demolished, and people are being forced to relocate into the bush.

— In Zimbabwe, there has been a sharp rise in torture of political prisoners. Amnesty International reports that in the city of Bulawayo alone, more than 350 political detainees are being held without trial.

— In Mozambique 200,000 to 300,000 people are being held behind barbed wire.

— According to the *Washington Post* in May of 1985 and the *New York Times* in September of 1986, in Zaire, in some portions of this one-party country, the armed forces routinely whip detainees with barbed wire, half-starve the prisoners, and afflict them with electric shocks. In early 1986, some leaders of the only other political party were shot and other leaders were sent into exile.

— In Angola, a one-party Marxist nation under strong Soviet influence, complete with Cuban troops, where the very worst atrocities occur, several huge American companies thrive. Here is a perfect example of a country whose economy could be hurt by divestiture.

— In many other black-ruled countries in Africa, it is common to require passbooks to go from one section of the country to another, a practice that appalls us when it happens in South Africa.

— In many of these countries, experts now predict a new wave of mass starvation because the people cannot feed themselves.

— In many of the now black-ruled countries of Africa, since the 1950's (when many broke away from the colonial system), *four million* people have been killed. This number edges closer daily to the number killed in the great Holocaust.

I now ask you — Do we have a case of misplaced compassion? Why are these countries, which have seen bloodbaths, famine, and a lack of voting rights, not on the same or a higher crisis level than South Africa? Is it because South Africa has become the "issue of the day"? It makes headlines because it is, quite simply, a black and white issue. Any move by the South African government is termed racist. The word "racism" has become a convenient term used freely to intimidate whites in this country. Fear of being called a racist is a powerful master. Politicians who normally pound podiums tremble at the thought. Those who expound freedom of speech shrink from practicing it when it comes to black and white issues. Yes, there is an inherent fear among white politicians of being called a racist. The prime sponsor of these bills was quoted in the *Patriot News*: "I've been dealing with bills on South Africa for three terms, and each year the issue is escalating more and more. I'm going to be optimistic. I hope the commonwealth of Pennsylvania is not a racist state." Just recently, I've heard the term "bigot" kicked around on this House floor. Do you see what I mean? That is why the black agendas and liberal agendas have been so successful across this country. Don't be hornswoggled. Don't let it happen here today. It would be hypocritical for us to address the problems of South Africa and not the problems of the other countries in Africa, Asia, or Europe simply because South Africa's problems are black and white rather than black and black, and Vietnam and Cambodia's are yellow and yellow, and the Soviet Union's, Poland's, and Afghanistan's are white and white. I find the practices of all these countries

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repugnant. The Pennsylvania House of Representatives is not the body to address these foreign policy problems, but since we have taken this upon ourselves, let's address them all—let's not be hypocritical—let's not be intimidated—let's be fair—let's be compassionate to all the suppressed people of this world. To the supporters of the South African package, let's erase any doubt that this is a racist issue. Let's make it a compassionate issue—let's pass this amendment.

Letter From the Lower Right

by John Shelton Reed

It's Time for (Yawn) Another Election

It hasn't escaped attention down here that it's an election year. My buddy Eugene, who cares about these things more than is good for him, explained to me the other day why George Bush is going to be our next President.

"Well," he said, "first we had Jimmy doing his Woodrow Wilson impression, right? Upright Christian soul, square dealing among the nations, all that B.S. Now we've got a Harding clone—less filling, tastes great, back to normalcy with handsome Mr. Feel-Good. Except it seems like we got him for the whole eight years, so the way I figure it we're overdue for Coolidge. Now ask yourself: Who does the best Coolidge going?"

"Paul Simon?" I suggested.

"Forget him. *Revenge of the Nerds: The Final Chapter*. Half the voters think he's the one that makes records with Zulus, anyway. Be serious. What real candidate would look stupidest in an Indian warbonnet?"

Well, I had to admit that he had George Bush there. That's the kind of oblique angle that usually makes Eugene worth listening to. He's the one who told me why there's still some life in the bull market, despite the little correction last October. "Seven fat years, *then* seven lean years," he said, taking a pull on his Pabst Blue Ribbon. "It's in the Bible. You can look it up."

* * *

When the South's Democratic politicos set up the Super Tuesday primary, some hoped it would help a home-boy like Chuck Robb or Sam Nunn get the nomination. But the leading home-boys apparently took one look at what they'd have to kiss and eat to get the nomination (and I'm not talking about babies and bagels) and decided that if being senator or governor was good enough for Richard Russell and Harry Byrd, it was good enough for them. Now it looks as if the principal effect of Super Tuesday will be a boost for the embarrassing campaign of Jesse Jackson—a home-boy sure enough, but not exactly what our solons had in mind.

What has happened? Is returning the party of Jefferson and (Andrew) Jackson to something like their principles really a lost cause? For that matter, what's wrong with lost causes? We used to be attached to them down here. Where are the old-time rebel-yell attack-and-die Southern Democrats?

There used to be two political styles in the South: on the one hand, boring conservative penny-pinchers who ran good minimalist state governments; on the other, grotesque, extravagant creatures from the depths—expensive, but entertaining. Politics in most Southern states cycled from one style to the other. But penny-pinching is out of style, and Edwin Edwards may have been the last of the great rogue governors from hell. Now we're getting the worst of both styles: boring big spenders. You might say we've traded blowhards for blow-dries. Even Louisiana is filling up with Carteresque pinstripes who talk like James Moffett, head of the Louisiana Council for Fiscal Reform, quoted as saying that "A modern era of politics is fixing to evolve."

Among the Democratic presidential candidates, only Jesse Jackson has anything to offer someone nostalgic for the old tradition of demagoguery and hypocrisy, but I guess you can't expect nostalgic traditionalists to cotton to Jesse. Aside from Jackson, young Al Gore is the only Democrat who can claim any Southern connection, but he's very much in this new mold. Between tokes, Tipper's husband did put in some time in the state his daddy represented in the Senate, but (as even the *Wall Street Journal* has noticed) Gore is less a Southern candidate than a Washington political consultant's idea of a Southern candidate. Frankly, he's a Southerner like George Romney was a Mexican, and if folks down here buy him as a favorite son, it will be a triumph of political marketing.

Meanwhile, all the Republicans have to offer is Pat Robertson. (Yes, I know George Bush claims he's a Texan, but he owns a funeral plot in Kennebunkport, Maine. Need I say more?) What about the reverend?

Well, I heard a story once about this gospel quartet that was singing a gig at a church back up some hollow in East Tennessee. Midway through the service, the deacons start hauling in cages, and it becomes clear that some snakes are going to be handled. The baritone turns to the lead tenor and whispers, "Where's the back door?"

"I don't see one," the tenor whispers back.

The baritone casts a glance at the back wall. "Where do you reckon they want one?"

A lot of people feel that way about Robertson. In many circles, as Jesse Jackson might put it, he's respected, but he won't get elected.

So it looks as if we don't get a Southern candidate this year. Maybe after the last one, some folks think that's just as well. At least the conventions are going to be in Atlanta and New Orleans, though, so some of our people are going to make some money off this deal anyway.

* * *

One of the remaining good things about America is that we don't have to watch politicians if we don't want to. Last August, the 2,500 good Americans of Mountain City, Tennessee, rose in righteous and near-unanimous wrath when the local cable company replaced the game shows and reruns of the USA Network with something called C-SPAN, which offers stuff like live coverage of Congressional committee meetings.

A letter-writer in the weekly *Tomahawk* put her finger on the basic problem with C-SPAN: It's "boring," she said. Other irate mountaineers wrote to say that they resented having a "government channel" thrust into their living rooms, but that's not fair. Believe it or not, C-SPAN is actually not a government channel. Apparently somewhere there are private citizens willing to pay to watch politicians

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preen themselves. But not in Mountain City.

* * *

We're not crazy about it here in Chapel Hill, either. Last September our 21,000-seat gymnasium, often used for rock concerts, was the site of an alleged debate among the Democratic presidential candidates. When it was announced that the seven (at that time) dwarfs were coming, the university news bureau got calls asking what kind of music the "Presidential Candidates" played. When our people realized the horrible truth, they stayed away in droves. David Bowie had filled the place earlier in the week at $20 a head, but only a quarter of the seats were occupied as the candidates shared their predictable views on education and kicked Bill Bennett around for a while.

The proceedings were supposed to be televised, but a technical snafu blacked out the first 20 minutes, which our local educational station filled with a documentary on Finland. They got some telephone complaints—when the glitch was corrected. Folks wanted to see the rest of the program on Finland.

* * *

Nothing personal, Democrats. About the same time, down in South Carolina, they had trouble filling a stadium for the Pope. Aside from some mutterings out of Bob Jones University and one grumpy "My Holy Father is in Heaven, not Rome" bumper-sticker, I didn't detect any anti-Catholicism around here. But neither was there any rush to go see the leader of somebody else's religion. Catholicism for the Catholics seemed to be the dominant view, which made it difficult for the visit's sponsors since there were probably more seats in the stadium than Catholics in South Carolina. I gather they wound up busing the Pope's co-religionists from Pennsylvania and points north.

* * *

But enough about politics and religion. Let's talk about why hot dogs come in packages of 10 when buns come in packages of eight or 12. The North Carolina *Independent* (from which I also got the Mountain City story) reports that two researchers at a little-known land-grant school in Raleigh answered that question in last October's *Journal of Business*. The discrepancy exists because people want it that way, that's why. "If in fact customers wanted to have hot dogs and buns in equal packages," these scholars wrote, "someone would have already done it."

Your tax dollars at work. Next question?

John Shelton Reed is a registered Republican in Orange County, North Carolina, who knows it's wrong to want to vote Libertarian.

Letter From the Heartland

by Jane Greer

Don't Tread On Me

I had the intense pleasure of visiting the White Mountains of New Hampshire in August. Although I'm happy where I am, I think I could be happy there, too, and if anyone wants to give me a family-and-pet-sized cabin halfway up a mountain, write to me in care of *Chronicles*.

I fell in love with the New Hampshire landscape, but even more with the *attitude* there. One of our oldest states, New Hampshire is as feisty and contentious as any youngster. The state reminds me of the Midwest at its (*theoretical*) best. It has no income tax, and no one will ever be elected governor there, they tell me, unless he or she "takes the pledge" not to *initiate* an income tax. The state supports itself in a fine manner with a lottery, state-owned liquor, and stiff property and sin taxes. There's a *negative* unemployment rate, which means there are more jobs than people willing to do them. New Hampshire license plates proclaim the state's uncryptic and enviable motto, "Live Free or Die." And residents in and out of the state legislature bridle at federal interference in things they can do perfectly well themselves. In short, New Hampshire wants to be left alone to run New Hampshire.

The meeting I witnessed this summer had to do with transportation: Representatives from 40 or so states had gathered to talk about their common problems. And lo and behold, it seems the biggest problem all states have in common is the federal government.

This isn't news to anyone in the transportation business, public or private. It probably isn't news to anyone, period. What's amazing, though, is that we all allow the system to perpetuate itself and grow even as we grouse about it.

Take the 1987 federal highway bill—*please*. It expired at the end of September 1986, and Congress adjourned shortly thereafter, proving that it really didn't give a filibuster about the states' problem (no idea how much federal aid money they'd have to spend in the next four or five years), the construction industry's predicament (no work in the offing for hundreds of thousands of people), or their own failure to do something responsible with the billions of motor fuel tax dollars in the Highway Trust Fund. The highway bill wasn't passed until April 1987, six months after it expired, which left the states in fiscal limbo and emotional hell for that long. It passed then only because Congress overrode a presidential veto.

The President thought the bill was "fat," which doesn't make sense, but more about that in a minute. What *did* make sense was his objection to what are commonly referred to as "demonstration projects." Seventy years ago, demonstration projects were just that: projects to show how a new idea worked, or *whether* it would work. Today, though, they're devised without much input from the state transportation agencies, and used mainly to make various congressmen with no engineering training look good: "You wanted a road, I got you a road and had it moved to the top of your state transportation department's meticulously planned schedule, all by myself. I'd be pleased to have you vote for me in November." The four or five most populous states get the lion's share of all demo projects. True, such projects make up a small percentage of the highway projects receiving federal aid, but it's the *principle* of the thing.

Let's take another look at highway federal aid itself. What is the Highway Trust Fund made of? Quite simply, money that you and I pay in federal taxes every time we put fuel in our vehicles. Money that goes into the

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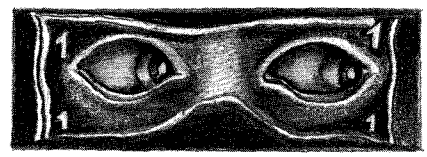
Trust Fund comes from highway *users*. No matter where you drive, or what the *state* motor fuel taxes are there, you pay a federal tax of nine cents a gallon when you buy gasoline, 15 cents a gallon for diesel, and three cents a gallon for gasohol. (There's a six-cents-per-gallon federal tax exemption on gasohol, which is another story itself.) The money goes to Washington and into the Trust Fund, to be returned to the states strictly for surface transportation purposes. User fees: What a brilliant concept, hey?

Except that those boys in Washington get their hands on that money and kind of lose hold of reality. They make some states "donor" states, meaning that they get back from the Trust Fund less than the federal motor fuel tax that drivers in their state contributed to it. Other states are "recipient" states and get back *more* than they put in. (Naturally, donor states feel more strongly than recipient states about getting the federal government out of their hair.)

The feds also put unrelated stipulations on the states' getting back the money they have coming to them. Compliance with clean air and water standards, the national speed limit, and a 21-year-old drinking age are some of the current hoops states must jump through before Washington tosses them the bone it took away from them.

But that's not the worst of it. Even when all the criteria are met, states don't receive permission to *spend* all the money they *get*. For instance, my state has been "authorized" about $100 million in highway federal aid this year. That's like being told that we have $100 million in the bank. But our "obligational authority"—the amount we can actually *spend*—is only about $60 million. It's this way for all 50 states: a total of almost $10 billion sits *untouchable* in the Trust Fund. And not one of the transportation experts I know can offer a better explanation than that because of federal accounting procedures, spending the money would make it *look* as if the national deficit had been increased. All together, class: *Highway transportation does NOT contribute to the national deficit. The Highway Trust Fund is self-sustaining*. For one thing, the Byrd Amendment prohibits spending more than comes *into* the Fund—*another* brilliant concept.

The money Congress so arrogantly dribbles back to the states comes from people who live in or drive through the states. These people have been promised that the rather high motor fuel tax they pay will be used to improve and maintain the American surface transportation system, so crucial to our defense and economic well-being. But not only is the money taken from us and then used to tease us into conformity on unrelated issues, it's also in danger of being squandered on other than transportation purposes. Congress periodically considers using current Highway Trust Fund money, or raising federal motor fuel taxes and spending the increase, to balance the budget. This would mean, just for instance, that highway user fees would



pay for abortions, divorces (by means of welfare and AFDC checks), and art grants to the criminally untalented. Then there's research: The Department of Transportation is reluctantly concluding a long, congressionally mandated study of how to stop big trucks from splashing rain water onto passing cars. (Their conclusion: You can't.) This oft-proposed raiding of Junior's hard-earned college fund to throw an orgy is just *not* the behavior of conscientious adults—but, then, is anyone surprised? Remember, these fellows—and gals, I'm reminded to say—sneaked themselves a substantial salary increase while they sat on the highway bill and let the states sweat it out for six months.

The feds' interference has turned a simple, honest concept—users paying for the services they receive—into something complicated, arbitrary, and more than slightly malevolent. They've insinuated themselves into a function that the states could do better, and hold us hostage by threatening us with the loss of money they have no ethical claim to. It's unconscionable, and it's S.O.P. Live free or die? Go, New Hampshire!

Jane Greer's household will pay close to $100 in federal fuel taxes this year.

Letter From Albion

by Andrei Navrozov

Three Days in Sodom, Two in Gomorrah

"Party for a book? I'd love to," I mutter to my host as we land in Sodom. Five days of vacation lie before me, and as we drive to the place—"Where the old McAlpin used to be, downtown," the limousine driver reminisces—it is pleasant to think that people here still publish books. After a ride in a freight elevator, a strange scene greets us. A merry-go-round is spinning in a giant cavernous space illuminated with colored lights. Young women in festive dress are standing in groups of two or three. Some of them, accompanied by middle-aged men, apparently the guests, are already blurred in the dizzying flight of the carousel. The Wilhelmina Agency is throwing a party for a "booker." A what? I see, I had misunderstood. The booker arranges the engagements of an agency's models. This is a modeling agency. "So there is no book?" "What book?" The merry-go-round is spinning even faster now, an image out of a horror movie, a dream sequence in an art film. A few of the women are screaming, obligingly. Others stroll about the fairground, talking to the guests. Vendors are on hand with ice-cream, hot dogs, cotton candy. I see, I am in a bordello. I am one of the guests.

I think of the book I read on the plane, John Langdon Davies' forgotten treatise on nudism, *The Future of Nakedness* (1929). One of the problems he anticipates with nudism as a way of life: " . . . though in these days of clothes we can get on well without it being possible to distinguish at a glance between a prostitute and a leader of aristocratic society, it is perfectly clear that it would be impossible to get on if we could not distinguish between a prostitute and a woman policeman."

Next morning at Bergdorf's, as instructed, looking for a formal shirt. A man wearing a beaver coat looks like a cockroach from behind. He turns around—now he looks exactly like a cockroach! Other shoppers—beasts, vultures. Clawing, shrieking, pushing into the unknown, tickling the brocade with one hand and feeling the lizard with the other. This counter is

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mobbed: here, ladies' belts with gold and silver buckles are snapped up like souvenirs at an Oriental bazaar, at two, three, eight thousand dollars apiece. Demand exceeds supply, no time for questions or answers. Elsewhere, a stranger wants to spray me with perfume. "If you spray me, I'll scream." She doesn't care.

Another party, this one given by Donald and Ivana Trump at the Tower of the same name. My host is accompanied by several other guests whose arrival makes the crowd of spectators gathered outside shout with joy, but I see little difference between the called and the chosen. Inside, this impression is strengthened: Hundreds of people have come to hang out at the shopping mall, as people do throughout the land, except that here the girl dressed like Madonna is, in fact, Madonna, or so I'm told. Mrs. Trump gives me several seconds of her time. I open my mouth to say something witty. Eight photographers, like mutant shepherds, drive a flock of celebrities towards her and proceed to set up their shots. The human current carries me off. The crowd moves to the escalators because it is human to believe that the real party is elsewhere; but as the guests discover that "there is nothing up there" (overheard), they hurry back down. What an amazing view! Below, on the left, a nightmare of shoppers (as in: a gaggle of geese, a pride of lions, a kindle of kittens, a charm of goldfinches, an exaltation of larks—remember?), milling convulsively to the music . . . On the right, against the background of hanging furs, coat-check girls in white dance to the same music. "Like a video!" (overheard).

We leave after a few minutes. "Have you read the book?" somebody asks. What book? "This was a book party, for Donald's book." Another misunderstanding, apparently. The windows of the limousine are made of dark glass. I wonder if they allow people to see in or out. To be seen is certainly more important.

Headlines in the *Sodom Times*, as Reagan ("My first name is Ron") and Gorbachev ("Mine is Mikhail") sign their nuclear Munich pact: Mood of Warmth, A Tempered Optimism, The Ultimate Luxury Sale: 30% Off All Cashmere (no, that's an ad), Soviet Visitor Mixes Charm With Vigor (sorry: Venom), A Russian Marches Into the Pentagon ("in a civilian business suit rather than the bemedaled uniform favored by senior Soviet officers"), In Moscow Heartfelt Joy for Treaty, Trust but Verify (editorial), Two Leaders Meet—Two Hearts Also? (another editorial), *Sekretar' Gorbachev! Teper' vremya dat' sovetskim yevreyam prava cheloveka* ("Secretary Gorbachev! It's time you gave Soviet Jews their human rights," a full-page ad in unidiomatic Russian), Gorbachev Extols Talks on Leaving, Reagan Trip Is Due, Gorbachev Visit Called Boon to Bush. "Books of the Times" in the person of Michiko Kakutani reviews *The Hard Facts of the Grimms' Fairy Tales* by Maria Tatar (Princeton University Press, $19.95): "'The Little Red Riding Hood,' for instance, has been read as parable of 'pregnancy envy' (the wolf attempts to put living human beings into his belly and is later killed by stones, which serve as symbols of his sterility)." Enough.

"The only way to safeguard scholarship and culture," writes Davies, "is to teach everybody the three R's and to fine heavily or even imprison anyone who attempts to achieve any degree of higher knowledge. Then only the born scholars, the men and women to whom culture means more than comfort, will risk punishment, and culture will be saved from impostors. Culture is an anti-social thing, a whim of the solitary animals to be found here and there amid their gregarious fellows; it is not a thing to be given by the herd to the individual . . . for in the end culture is the death of the herd."

Cocktails with a princess, I am told. Indeed, a woman downstairs tells the doorman in the lobby that she is "going to the Princess' apartment." It would sound better at Versailles. The Princess' apartment? The Princess' car? ("Hey Joey, get the Princess' car, will you?") The Princess' shopping (from Walbaum's)? Inside—there's never anything inside!—the only person I recognize is Patricia Hearst, being photographed. Hasn't she been photographed enough? "All the major players are here tonight," someone whispers. What players? Hockey? Badminton? An old woman "wearing a Lacroix" ("a series of swags and garlands . . . miles of fringe and ribbon . . . all used with abandon," says *Sodom* magazine) pushes and nearly knocks over a younger, less experienced guest in a successful attempt to elbow her way into a photo opportunity: *Town and Country* is taking pictures. In the background, Bulgari display-cases gleam with jewels. The Princess' jewels?

Something called "Night of a Hundred Trees": a charity auction of Christmas trees, with proceeds going to medical research. The auctioneer from Sotheby's, once a symbol of stiff-upper-lipped authority and lockjawed self-confidence, is drowned out by his cohost, Dr. Ruth. Oinking, screeching, and yelping the praises of AIDS awareness, the doctor sells the festive crowd on such lots as the Andy Warhol tree ("He isn't going to be making any more trees!"); covered in black spangles, the Marilyn Monroe tree ("She isn't going to make any either!"), including one of her shoes; the Joan Rivers tree ("blond fir with dark roots, ha-ha-ha!"), adorned with telephone cords and "mini-bagels"; and Dr. Ruth's own, the Dr. Ruth Hanukkah bush, therapy session and all.

At lunch the next day, in sunny Gomorrah, I mention a piece I wrote on the summit. "Did you Fax it?" somebody wants to know. No, I just wrote it, I answer bashfully. "But did you Fax it to me? Did you Fax it?" After lunch we pick fragrant lemons, unsullied oranges. Someone is trying to remember what's inside (there's never anything inside!) several blue boxes, intended as party favors. A secretary is summoned, to call Tiffany's and investigate what was meant for whom. "Why don't you just open them?" But idleness makes a bureaucracy out of the human soul, and after an hour of deliberation the boxes are, to everyone's disappointment, at last distributed. A car takes us to the airport, for the return journey to Sodom.

At 3:00 P.M. the American Airlines flight is boarding. At 6:00 P.M. we are still on the ground, without any explanation. A hundred businessmen, their seatbelts securely fastened, read the *Sodom Times*. I want to get off. "Please remain seated." But I want to get off! "I'm afraid you'll have to return to your seat, sir." At 7:00 P.M. I write a letter to the captain saying that if they don't let me off the plane I

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will consider myself kidnapped. "Nobody's trying to kidnap you, sir," the stewardess reassures me. "Look, they are only trying to do their job," says a dynamic executive in the next seat, "Go ahead and sit down." I insist on a written acknowledgment of my letter by the crew. The plane returns to the gate. A hundred businessmen unbuckle.

Next day, with Albion, here called Zoar, ever nearer, I notice two news items. Donald Trump had cautiously praised Gorbachev and got invited to build a hotel complex in Moscow. Malcolm Forbes also praised Gorbachev, but without any reservations, and got nothing, apparently, in return. Where is justice? What will become of you, Sodom?

And when the morning arose, then the angels hastened me saying, Arise, take thy wife, lest thou be consumed in the iniquity of the city. And the sun was risen upon the earth when I entered Zoar.

Andrei Navrozov is poetry editor for Chronicles.

VITAL SIGNS

TELEVISION

A Week in the Life: A TV Diary

by Janet Scott Barlow

You are what you eat. Up to a point, I tend to believe that maxim. Because I am unwilling to apply it to my own life, I also tend to resent it. The food police are everywhere, and the harder they work, the less there is to eat. For instance, if you should eat an ordinary hot dog, you could be dead by morning. Foodwise, the concept of the aimless pleasure is all but extinct.

The body and the mind are one organism. I tend to believe that too. Which means that you are not only what you eat, you are also (oh, the responsibility) what you read, dance to, and watch on the tube. Garbage in, garbage out, right? The food police are matched in their zeal only by the cultural watchdogs, the folks who sample *People* magazine every week in order to report that yes, it's still full of empty calories. But critics save their loudest warnings and deepest disdain for television, the sludge of American entertainment, cholesterol for the mind. Beware: Television programming is low-level, inane, witless. Watch enough of it and you will clog your brain forever, never to have another meaningful thought.

What, you might ask, is the big deal? Most people work hard, and if they want to spend two hours in the evening eating potato chips and watching situation comedies, who's to say they should be spooning yogurt and viewing PBS documentaries instead? Until recently I had no personal answer to that question. While I like potato chips, I have not watched prime-time series television in a very long time. This was not a deliberate decision; I did not cut down on TV for health reasons, so to speak. What happened was, I forgot it was there. And time flies, you know? The next thing I knew, I was the only person around who had never seen *Dallas* or *Moonlighting* or *Family Ties*. Completely out of the mainstream, I had spent years enjoying a rather strange television diet of sports, old movies, news, and TV evangelists.

In an attempt to find out why millions of Americans like what so many critics despise, I decided to spend one week watching the prime-time entertainment offerings of the major networks. What the heck. I've eaten hot dogs, and I'm still here to talk about it. Since I had almost no current frame of reference, all programs were selected at random and viewed (at least for a while) with an open mind. Herewith a television diary for the week of September 13-19.

SUNDAY — False start. I watch the Cincinnati Bengals play the Colts in the afternoon. This exhausts me, because the Bengals always look like they're about to lose, even when they win (which they do, by a mere two points). No more TV today.

MONDAY — The choice is between *Cagney and Lacey* and the Bears-Giants game on Monday Night Football. What can I say? I was born and raised in Chicago. And the Bears smear the Giants.

TUESDAY — This is like trying to lose weight. *Tomorrow . . . I'll start tomorrow.* My intention is to watch *Moonlighting*, a hit show that's been hyped with adjectives like "clever," "witty," and "fresh." But I am undone by the prospect of seeing on my own television what I have seen on magazine covers for a full year: the smirky face of Bruce Willis and the pseudo-sultry face of Cybill Shepherd. Besides, I've already found a ball game. Cubs

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and Mets. Since I love the Cubs and detest the Mets, I feel a strong obligation to watch this game. During a commercial I switch channels and catch five minutes of something called *Growing Pains*. A kid is learning a lesson about life from his father. Or perhaps the father is learning a lesson about life from his kid. Or perhaps both. The show is aptly titled. As I watch it, my pain grows. Back to the ball game. Cubbies lose.

WEDNESDAY—On track now. I watch *Highway to Heaven*. Michael Landon plays an angel who takes orders directly from "the Boss." The episode begins with a surreal, out-of-nowhere discussion between the angel and his sidekick about the need for responsible citizens to "stop worrying about the bomb" and instead focus their attention on the chemical content of their water supplies. "If they don't," warns the angel, "there won't be anyone to drop the bomb on." In the meantime, a little girl has lost her dog, Jake. She prays for the dog's return, but fears God does not hear her. In the midst of her crisis, the child's parents tell her that she soon will have a baby brother via surrogate motherhood, a process her mother explains by saying, "We've taken one of Dad's little fishies and put it with someone else's egg." From there we move to the woods, where angel Landon finds the lost dog and saves it from a pack of wolves by turning himself into a lion. (I'm not making this up.) He deposits the dog with a big-hearted kennel owner named Lil, who regularly takes her pooches to visit old people's homes and orphanages, Lil's philosophy being that "old folks are nothing but kids with wrinkles." What eventually happens to Jake the dog, Lil the dog-lover, and Dad's little fishes I do not know, because at this point I turn off the set. Apparently *Highway to Heaven* is what passes for "wholesome family entertainment" on television. No sex, no violence—just doggies, angels, and lots of talk about "love." Who can object? For myself, I think I'd rather have the kids watching Bugs Bunny cartoons or staring at the wall.

I return for A *Year in the Life*, a one-hour drama described by TV *Guide* as "richly textured." Watching this show, I realize why I so enjoy sports on television. They offer everything A *Year in the Life* lacks: *real* reality, along with tension, surprise, effortless grace, and occasional humor; at the same time, sports completely lack what this show is full of: relevance to "life." The story: A widower in Seattle has several grown children. As the program opens, his married daughter and her husband are in conflict over the choice of a daytime babysitter for their infant daughter. They finally settle uneasily but hopefully on a woman from El Salvador who does not speak English. Another of the widower's daughters is divorcing her second husband. On the day her divorce becomes final, she accepts a date with a coworker, which her kids think is "cool." As she leaves the house to meet her date, her teenage son advises her with a coy smile that "it's okay to say no." Her date stands her up. She goes to a Marx Brothers movie and cries. Then she goes to the apartment of her now ex-husband, has sex with him, and discovers (this must be the "richly textured" part) that tonight, finally, they can "talk." That's it. The end. Show's over. I think the idea here is to dispense with the vehicle of plot, take an episodic approach, and thus create a more realistic portrait of "modern family life." Having suffered through plot galore in *Highway to Heaven*, I hate to complain. But this program is pretentious, and these characters are boring. I do not want to spend a year in their life.

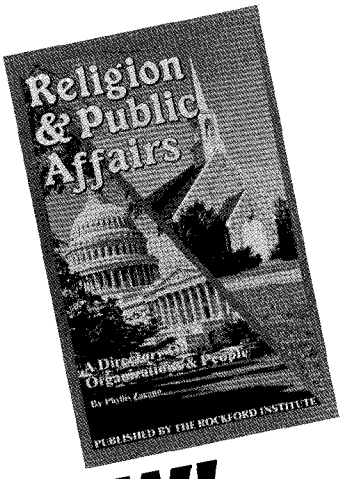
Next comes *St. Elsewhere*, a medical series set in a hospital. Because I always end up checking myself for symptoms, I do not watch medical programs of any kind, ever.

THURSDAY—Comedy night. With the aid of a VCR, I am able to watch four, count 'em, laugh riots. First, *Sledge Hammer!* a sort of comic book for adults. Sledge is a "bloodthirsty but trustworthy" police inspector who says things like, "The cops who can't deal with the violence crack; the ones who can, teach." An ace cop, Sledge is also a goofball. While he is well aware that he's an ace, the goofball part eludes him. Because the program aspires to nothing beyond *intentional* caricature and a few giggles, it is, comparatively speaking, refreshing. I wouldn't skip a showing of *All About Eve* to watch *Sledge Hammer!* but I don't hate it.

Next, *The Cosby Show*. Bill Cosby says funny things, but I don't enjoy laughing at him because he is too aware of his own comic charm for my taste. As for his series, it raises the question, "Is it me or is it them?" It must be me, because *The Cosby Show* is the hit of the decade, a program all America adores. It's a cute show. It's a nice show. It's also a plastic show that is passing itself off as something better. I don't like it much. So sue me.

In *The Charmings*, a fairy-tale prince and princess have been transported to modern times. The mother of the princess is a spell-casting witch who talks to a black man in a magic mirror. Together they make jokes about premenstrual syndrome.

Last, a Bob Hope comedy special, a



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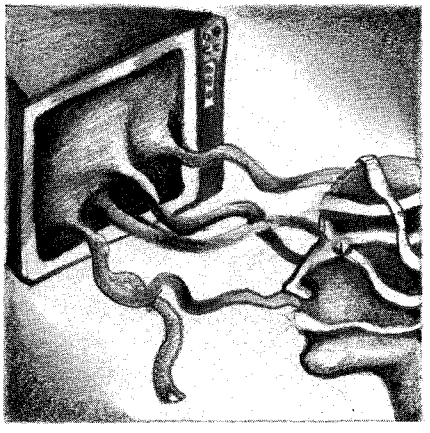
"spoof" of the Iran-contra hearings. Don't ask.

I now have watched "comedy" for hours and feel starved for laughs. At this point I would convert from white to whole grain bread and give up Coca-Cola if I could just see Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn in *The Philadelphia Story*. *They* never made jokes about premenstrual syndrome.

FRIDAY—The time: the 50's. The place: Hollywood. The show: *Private Eye*. A strong-jawed private detective is hired by a movie star to tail her mobster lover. "You don't know what it's like to be a woman," the movie star tells the P.I. Looking comatose, the P.I. grunts, "There's never any winners." All women here are



called "doll," and everyone smokes like a chimney. A little slow about these things, I assume the show is a put-on. My mistake. It's being done straight. I give it 20 minutes and I'm gone.

SATURDAY—*The Golden Girls*. This, according to an ad in *TV Guide*, is the "hilarious season premiere" of a hit series about three older women—a ditz, a loudmouth, and a man-crazy vamp—who live together, along with the elderly mother of the loudmouth. Mom, approximately 80 years old, sits on the boardwalk a lot because she likes "to watch the guys rearranging themselves after they come out of the water." On one of her jaunts to the beach she makes a friend, an elderly man, and together they watch for men who "just peed in the ocean." Back at the house, the vamp has mistakenly given away the treasured teddy bear of the ditz. I'm sure there is a way to make funny the idea of a grown woman losing her teddy bear. This, however, is not it. To add to the hilarity, Mom's gentleman friend has Alzheimer's disease.

Mama's Boy. The widowed mother of a Manhattan columnist moves in with her son. She is obnoxious—pushy, meddlesome, rude—so naturally he loves her. He is a hotshot bachelor, so naturally he is embarrassed to be living with Mom. He resolves his conflict by "redefining what a real man is." He . . . But why go on? I think a hug is coming.

SUNDAY—The bad news is, the Emmy Awards are on tonight. The Emmys, TV's highest honor, are given for excellence in television programming. I see in my trusty *TV Guide* that all three of the Golden Girls, along with their series, are nominated for awards. (And I will see in tomorrow's newspaper that *The Golden Girls* wins for best comedy series, and the vamp wins for best actress in a comedy series. What? No prize for *Highway to Heaven?*) The good news is, I don't have to watch the Emmy Awards, or anything else except the Bengals game, because this is Sunday, and my week is up. I'm off duty.

There. One week, more or less, of prime-time television—and I still haven't seen *Dallas* or *Moonlighting* or *Family Ties*. But based on what I did see, I can say this: The TV haters are wrong. Television *does* make you think. It makes you think things like, "This is the dumbest stuff I have ever seen; I can't believe I'm watching it; I can't believe *anyone* is watching it." My sampling was limited and haphazard, and it is possible I missed some absolute gems. I hope so. Otherwise, the evidence suggests that standard television fare is simply awful.

Television as a form, with its fixed time frames and regular commercial interruptions, does not lend itself easily to effective storytelling. And obviously it is difficult to produce "quality" creative products on a weekly schedule. But none of this explains the most striking feature of series television: its overwhelming *bluntness*—as if viewers could never be trusted to get the point, the joke, or the message. These shows reek of self-consciousness. They haven't been created as entertainment; they've been created as *television*.

Worst of all are the family-centered comedies. It is acceptable—often it's required—to approach comedy with a sense of suspended disbelief. But these series, most of them, are meant to be seen as only slightly exaggerated reflections of "real life." Since they must also be what real life frequently is not—funny—they end up a hopeless combination of strained "significance" and cheap laughs. When *The Golden Girls*, a program billed as a comedy, takes as its subject Alzheimer's disease, it is attempting the rankest kind of emotional manipulation, and the result is both self-congratulatory and superficial. When that same program fills its laugh quota by having an old woman talk about "peeing in the ocean," the result is grotesque.

Television reaches its nadir in its portrayal of children and the elderly. Children are depicted on TV as all-knowing creatures or smartmouths meant to be seen as adorable. The elderly are depicted on TV as all-knowing creatures or smartmouths meant to be seen as adorable. After all, "old folks are nothing but kids with wrinkles." Series television embraces this idea with a vengeance, turning children into philosophers (or sex experts) and old people into bathroom humorists.

The constant question about television—about all popular entertainment—is whether it creates public taste or reflects it. I lean toward the latter theory. *The Golden Girls* is now in its third season on television, *Highway to Heaven* its sixth. People get what they want. As for my original question about network programming—why do millions of Americans enjoy what so many critics despise?—I have only half an answer. That is, I now understand why critics despise it, but I have no idea why millions of Americans enjoy it.

The mind and the body are one organism. After a week in front of the television set, I see that idea in a clearer light. I mean, I would never again subject my mind to *Highway to Heaven*, and I'm thinking of sparing my body any more hot dogs. *All life involves some risk*. Hey, I'll buy that. So, let's see how the organism handles a football game and a bag of potato chips.

Janet Scott Barlow covers popular culture from her home in Cincinnati, Ohio.

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A Distant Passion

by David Kaufman

Lanford Wilson is consistently given the respect reserved for "great" American playwrights, but the distinction is a dubious honor at best. Each Wilson piece is overly scrutinized and judged ultimately as being a notch below what it might have been. Revivals of earlier neglected works become causes for celebration, but here too, there is always a danger that the earlier plays—while they may be perceived as harboring incipient signs of later thematic developments—are also considered naive and not quite up to par with the later work.

If critical success is the surest path to critical failure, the *dilemma* of "greatness" perpetuates itself as new works are greeted with the kind of enthusiastic anticipation that even a Chekhov would be hard-pressed to live up to. A new Wilson play will almost certainly fail to live up to past successes; it will even more certainly fail to make good on his earlier promise. For such is the fate of "great" American playwrights, predetermined and dictated by the relentless fall-from-grace attitude of American theater criticism.

The belief that Wilson has more to offer suggests he is less than himself. Viewed as better than the "rest," the one playwright Wilson will forever be competing against is the image of Lanford Wilson, that important dramatist, as created by the critics who insist that he fulfill their requirements.

Fueled by critical success and popular attention, Wilson's reputation picked up steam in the 70's, beginning with *The Hot l Baltimore* in 1973, and continuing with *The Mound Builders* (1975), *5th of July* (1978), and *Talley's Folly* (1979). Confirmation of his popularity came when *The Hot l Baltimore* was realized as a TV series. He received his first Pulitzer Prize for *Talley's Folly*—a one-act drama with only two characters and 60 pages of dialogue—one of his more modest pieces.

By all standards, his two subsequent works were less successful. *Angels Fall*, which closed soon after it opened on Broadway in 1983, employed a *Grand Hotel* or *Ship of Fools* motif to bring together six disparate characters seeking sanctuary in a New Mexico church during a nuclear plant accident in the vicinity. *A Tale Told* (1981), offered as the third work in the so-called "Talley Trilogy," occurs on the same July 4, 1944, evening as *Talley's Folly*, also on the Talley estate in Lebanon, Missouri (Wilson's hometown). While Sally Talley is working out her betrothal to Matt Friedman at the "old boathouse at the Talley Place" in *Talley's Folly*, three generations of threatened Talleys in the house proper are contending with the possible takeover of the family businesses. Though *A Tale Told* was revised in 1985 as *Talley & Son*, it could not surmount the problems of contrivance shared with Lillian Hellman's *The Little Foxes*, of which it seemed more than a little reminiscent. Thirty-three years and one day following the 1944 evening of *A Tale Told* and *Talley's Folly*, some of the Talleys are dealing with the sale of the house itself in *5th of July*, a far more felicitous work written earlier in the oeuvre.

Following Wilson's success in the 70's, the intervening years have seen a number of Wilson revivals. For its format and sensitivity, *Lemon Sky* (1970) has been justifiably compared with Tennessee Williams, and particularly *The Glass Menagerie*. In *Balm in Gilead*, his first full-length play (1965), Wilson achieved an uncanny verisimilitude recreating the low-life activities at a New York, Upper West Side coffee shop. In some "notes" to the published script, Wilson explained, "Within the general large pattern the people who spend their nights at the cafe have separate goals and separate characters but together they constitute a whole, revolving around some common center. They are the riffraff, the bums, the petty thieves, the scum, the lost, the desperate, the dispossessed, the cool; depending on one's attitude there are a hundred names that could describe them." Besides filling the stage with no fewer than 25 characters, Wilson's theatrical innovation in *Balm in Gilead* was to load the script with overlapping dialogue.

In *The Mound Builders* (1975), Wilson chose an archaeological dig in

The cast of Lanford Wilson's latest play, Burn This: *(l-r) John Malkovich, Joan Allen, Lou Liberatore, and Jonathan Hogan.*

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Illinois to develop multilayered conflicts, including a clash between the scientific community and commercial enterprise (archaeology versus a tourist retreat). But the beauty of this work (which Clive Barnes called "one of the most complex and rewarding of all Wilson's plays") is how the characters mirror their scientific and social discoveries. The most well-received revival, however, was the 1984 comeback of *Serenading Louie* (another 1970 opus) that focused on the disintegrating marriages of two suburban couples.

In the retrospective reactions to these works we can most clearly detect the critical ambivalence toward Wilson at work. In response to the 1985 revival of *Lemon Sky*, Frank Rich felt compelled to undermine Wilson as well as his own perceptions. After saying that *Lemon Sky* "reminds us that Mr. Wilson is our primary heir to Tennessee Williams," Rich continued, "If there's one lapse that prevents *Lemon Sky* from joining Mr. Wilson's major plays, it's that the skeletons in the family closet prove to be melodramatic secrets that diminish rather than fulfill the mysteries preceding their unveiling." John Simon, on the other hand, called the play "an interesting failure" and its revival "a captivating near-miss."

Many of Wilson's interests can be discerned in his titles alone. As a symbol, *5th of July* reveals Wilson's recurring interest in exploring America's collapse of spirit and change of heart before and since the Bicentennial. With its biblical reference, *Balm in Gilead* (which premiered for one week only in 1965 and remained dormant until Steppenwolf's revival in 1984) refers to what a number of critics have cited as Wilson's characteristic "generosity" of spirit or "democratic" attitude towards all of his characters.

Though Wilson writes in a contemporary idiom and captures the essence of a confused age that lacks commitment for conviction, a number of his works ultimately evince a respect for tradition. Wilson's most consistent concern is expressed as the clash between past and present. The past is physically symbolized by the condemned hotel in *The Hot l Baltimore*, and by the Talley house in *5th of July*, which is being sold. Setting "The Scene" in his stage notes for the former play, Wilson wrote: "The Hotel Baltimore, built in the late nineteenth century, remodeled during the Art Deco last stand of the railroads, is a five-story establishment intended to be an elegant and restful haven. Its history has mirrored the rails' decline. . . . The Hotel Baltimore is scheduled for demolition. The theater, evanescent itself, and for all we do perhaps itself disappearing here, seems the ideal place for the representation of the impermanence of our architecture."

While the negative reaction to Wilson's last new work, *Angels Fall*, is justified, the reception to *Burn This* has been as shortsighted as it was inhospitable. In the characteristic need to find *some* fault with any new Wilson offering, the play's very essence has been ignored, or worse yet, turned against itself.

After a preliminary run in Los Angeles, followed by a for-members-only production at the Circle Rep in New York and a quasi-tryout in Chicago prior to opening on Broadway in mid-October, the advance "word" on *Burn This* was nothing less than spectacular. Tony Awards could have been predicted and a Pulitzer acceptance speech prepared on the basis of the excitement generated by Wilson's first new play in four years.

But the critics rushed to declare *Burn This* less than the greatest play, since the last greatest play was never written in the first place. Most of the notices for *Burn This* discussed the acting, which is a customary way of evading or deferring opinion on the play itself. Clive Barnes's review began with an apparent rave ("Broadway has finally gotten masterfully into its stride [sic] with a new American play") but ended on an ambivalent note ("Take it not too seriously, and enjoy"), dithering with any number of inherently contradictory comments in between. Aside from praise for the performers, some plot description, and some ambiguously disparaging remarks, Edith Oliver avoids confrontation with the play altogether and refuses to comment on whether or not it works. And Frank Rich repeatedly focuses on the idea of unfulfilled promise: "Although the payoff . . . is perilously slight, the play initially promises the abundance one anticipates from Mr. Wilson, as wise and accomplished a playwright as we have"; and later, "Yet the promised illumination of torrid intimacies and larger-than-life passions never quite emerges either in the text or the performance."

Joan Allen and John Malkovich in a scene from Burn This, *a contemporary drama dealing with the lack of passion in today's cynical climate.*

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With that last remark, Rich has inadvertently struck the thrust of Wilson's smoldering drama. If *Burn This* could be reduced to a single message, it would be about the lack of passion in contemporary life and the difficulty in achieving passion in our overly cynical climate. Although the passion at the center of *Burn This* seems ambivalent and diffused, the evidence suggests that is precisely the point Wilson intended. It's a theme that Wilson elicited at least as far back as *The Hot l Baltimore* (where one character complained, "That's why nothing gets done anymore. Nobody's got the conviction of their passions"); *Burn This* suggests that Wilson even perceives how the culture's disdain for passion and for the romantic sensibility has limited the scope of his own work.

That subtext is hammered home by Burton, a financially successful film writer within the play. In a sense, Burton, the most secondary of the four characters, is Wilson's surrogate. When Burton talks about writing for movies, it's as if Wilson is speaking directly for himself. "You write a saga today, it turns out as *Little House on the Prairie*." "Beautiful writing is anathema to a movie. . . . There is no such thing as a good movie. . . . Movies are some bankers' speculation about how American adolescents want to see each other that week—period!" When he later renounces a script he's currently working on by saying, "I want something larger than life. These people are smaller than life," it's hard not to detect that Wilson is sharing his own self-deprecation. According to Burton/Wilson, if you "tell the truth, make it personal, then [you might as well] write 'burn this' at the bottom." Such a notion perfectly describes Wilson's inspiration for writing this play, when he did write "burn this" on his first few pages of script.

The credible plot to *Burn This* is straightforward and compact. While it may be the play's least interesting element, the plot's reliance on the clichés of urban life for contemporary sophisticates should not be disregarded, since those clichés are inextricably wound up in Wilson's conceit. Wilson's interest in the dissolution of the American family has finally caught up with the way of life for so many urban people who find themselves in their mid-30's living independently within an extended or an ad hoc family.

Burn This takes place in Anna's "lower Manhattan" loft, which she shares with Larry, a gay advertising executive. When the story begins, the two of them are recovering from the recent drowning of their third roommate, a highly praised homosexual dancer who had been Anna's dancing partner for the past three years ("I thought everything important in the future of dance was going to happen in this room," says Anna late in the opening scene).

Anna is obviously close to Larry and simultaneously courting Burton, the successful Hollywood screenwriter who represents for Anna a "safe," conventional, potential husband (as Larry says at one point, "I don't know why you don't just marry [Burton] and buy things"). Anna's relationship with Robbie, the deceased roommate, evidently was the deepest and most meaningful attachment for her, though it was decidedly unfulfilled.

Implicit in this arrangement is the suggestion that Anna could afford to feel such intimacy only for someone who was homosexual, permitting her to subdue her passion and save her energies for dance. This becomes Wilson's commentary on many residents of the mid-80's, unwilling to jeopardize their careers or their overanalyzed self-hood (read as selfishness) by getting too close to another human being. But into Anna's safe scenario walks Pale, the deceased gay dancer's brother who is overwhelming like Robbie, but is straight and not to be put off ("You are obviously some relation of Robbie's—God, you could be his double," responds Anna when Pale arrives unexpectedly at three in the morning and immediately takes over the space). And as Pale says, "You know, little girls your age do not have *roommates*. It's not just me. It's prevailing opinion."

The passion between Anna and Pale percolates through in oblique but decisive ways. "I am sick of the age I'm living in," exclaims Anna, who can best be summarized as a Blanche du Bois in Wilson's update of *A Streetcar Named Desire*. But in some respects, Anna is a younger version who before meeting Pale had been content to sublimate her sexual impulses for her creativity as a dancer. A Blanche-in-training, Anna is without the desperation and the faded nostalgia that will set in when she ages. "I just haven't felt open to the world since those days," says Burton, referring to 20 or more years ago, and reinforcing Wilson's point that the larger-than-life passions which were permissible on stage (as in life) during Williams' heyday will simply not do anymore.

Many critics correctly perceived the connections with Williams and particularly *Streetcar*, but failed to grasp the implications. To return to Frank Rich: "Despite much onstage brawling and crying and precoital theatrics, Anna and Pale don't fight to the death, as Stanley and Blanche did, so much as slowly settle down to make the choices facing those New York couples who inhabit the slick magazines. What begins as a go-for-broke sexual struggle trails off into sentimental conflicts between love and career, unbridled passion and intellectual detachment, a loft life style and the biological clock."

Could Blanche and Stanley have it any other way in the mid-80's, or by default could Wilson? If *Streetcar* were written today it would probably be dismissed or even ridiculed as being overly sentimental. *Burn This* is as close as Wilson can get to Williams while still abiding by the contemporary theatrical protocol and plausibility.

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Anna's description of the Pennsylvania attic-room she spent the night of Robbie's funeral in is not only poetic, it is also an organic metaphor. She describes a mass of butterflies, captured and pinned on the walls by Robbie's cousin: "They were pinned, each wing, around the walls." As she was trying to fall asleep, she'd heard "this intermittent soft flutter sound" and realized they were all still alive. As striking and natural as the anecdote is, it assumes relevance later when Anna exclaims in Act II, "I almost feel like I have burst my chrysalis after thirty years of incubation." Though she's speaking to Burton at the time, it's obvious that she's referring to her passion for Pale.

As exquisite as Joan Allen's performance as Anna is, John Malkovich is overwrought as Pale. The difficulty may be in striking the balance Wilson intended between Marlon Brando and Jack Nicholson. When Pale says, "I like those gigantic city-wide fires. . . . I like avalanches . . . you know, any shit that can still amaze you," he has been reduced to self-conscious character analysis, in keeping with the culture that has become overly self-aware. Moments later, Pale says, "My normal temperature is like one-hundred and ten" and "My . . . heart is killing me" because Stanley would, without the self-awareness that diminishes the state-of-being. In the midst of these lines, Wilson (or perhaps director Marshall Mason) has Pale beat his chest Tarzan-like; but even this is a response to heart palpitations from being coked up and high on booze. Pale exists as a symbol or embodiment of the mind-body conflict that has only increased since Williams' day.

Sublimated into the more incidental characters of Larry and Burton, Wilson is shrewdly on the sidelines observing the precious fire that Anna is finally subjected to, despite her instincts for self-preservation (her last line, delivered in Pale's embrace: "I didn't want this — Oh Lord, I didn't want this"). If the terms for Anna are different than they were for Blanche, Anna, who has more ahead of her, is paying a higher price.

After Anna has resolved to leave Pale (who urges her to stay: "No, I am not dangerous. What you think is that you're afraid of me . . . because you're afraid you might feel something") and to work on a new dance, it is Larry, Wilson's spokesman, who ultimately brings the couple back together. Larry gives Pale the keys to the loft and a note which reads: "I don't know how you're doing, but Anna is in pretty bad shape. This isn't opera, this is life. Why should love always be tragic? Burn This!" With *Burn This*, Wilson is fanning the fires of contemporary passion with all of the skill, and the passion, that his creative imagination has engendered over the years.

With a certain timidity, if not outright equivocation, Lanford Wilson is viewed as a contemporary link in the chain of great American dramatists. With his work as evidence, many have seen him as capable to ameliorate the plight of our failed drama. But in giving Wilson the benefit of the doubt, his critics are quick to introduce a series of other doubts and further questions. By respecting his masters, Wilson dares to be traditional and in that sense anachronistic. Alone among contemporary playwrights, he maintains a respect for the past even as he attempts to uncover new terrain and to stretch the boundaries of dramaturgy. But "attempts" is used here advisedly, for Wilson's downfall is precisely this: despite his evident efforts, he finally fails to break any new ground or to become a harbinger of how the drama may be evolving.

David Kaufman writes from New York.

POP CULTURE

Rock and Roll Hootchie Koo

by Gary S. Vasilash

You don't hear much about groupies anymore. This is strange, since the demographics of the rock audience — ranging from about 40 to 10 — suggests there ought to be *more* groupies than ever slithering around out there.

If Pamela Des Barres (*I'm With the Band: Confessions of a Groupie*, New York: Beech Tree Books) is a typical groupie, then it's easy to understand the lack of publicity: many of them must die off before they can even give an interview. Des Barres recounts her experience with a drug called Trimar, a liquid that is normally measured by the cc but which she handled by the quart: "Even when I found out that it was used in zoos to knock out gorillas and elephants, I refused to believe it could also knock out my brain cells." Her readers will be less skeptical.

The best way to get a grip on Des Barres — to use a metaphor that seems appropriate — is by considering her descriptions of the man who changed her *maiden* name from Miller. Michael Des Barres, an insignificant glitter-punk performer, was "a degenerate drug-taking sex-dog" who "didn't take many showers" and whose "teeth were all chipped from banging them with the microphone." Of their courtship she writes, "He gave me scabies and I didn't care." Love means never having to say you're sanitary.

Why was this book published? Who could possibly be interested in the trajectory from a schoolgirl infatuation with Paul McCartney to grabbing at the privates of the lead singer of the Iron Butterfly, from a craving for Jimmy Page to secret rendezvous with Mick Jagger to family life with the Zappas to scabies? To be sure, the names are there, but they are connected with only one part of the anatomy. In a "kiss and tell" Hollywood autobiography, the victims are supposed to be chagrined by the revelations. But will Mick Jagger really care?

The only person who would be drawn to the sticky pages of this "confession" is someone who alternately reads *Spin* and the *Star*. But even they will be disappointed because: (a) there's no really good rock trivia in the book — people like madcap Keith Moon come off looking more boorish than maniacal; and (b) she never meets Elvis (though she nearly dated the King once).

The book may be of historical interest, however. Several hundred years from now, someone researching the pop culture of the late 20th century may regard *I'm With the Band* as the key to a culture that can be reduced to one big hormonal throb.

Gary Vasilash washed his hands after finishing this book.

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On 'It's 10 A.M. on a School Day—Do You Know Who Has Your Child?'

With apologies to your chubby readers, Jane Greer's rundown of the National Education Association's July convention in Los Angeles in the December issue brought back memories of the glimpses of it I accidentally caught.

The NEA crowd had just hit town, and the delegates virtually had taken over the hotel. Generally speaking, they were very bland, mid-America looking, but what was really striking was their weight. About 25 percent weren't just fat or plump or obese but carried the sort of weight that routinely indicates serious health problems. An equal number were conventionally overweight.

I've been around large professional conventions and groups before, but I've never seen such a socially awkward group, judging from the talk in the hall. They seemed to have trouble striking up conversations, as if they were afraid others would see through them. I couldn't decide if they'd flunked Dale Carnegie or were waiting for an official NEA small-talk guide or were just displaying a natural professional fear of hall monitors.

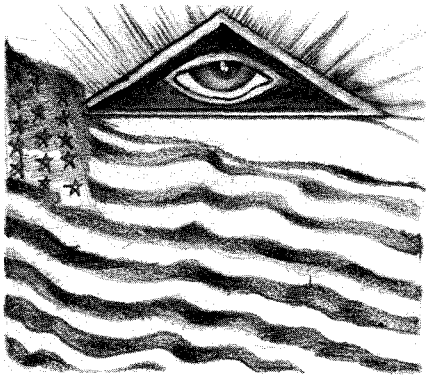
I spent a fair amount of time wandering around, and I only heard sex education mentioned once. I think it was the only time I heard any methodology discussed. Then, it seemed to be an icebreaker. I slowed down to find out what a modern-day sex educationist looks like.

She was in her late 20's and had hair to her waist and was Asian, so you'd think she'd be too smart to be mixed up with the NEA, much less sex ed. But she was fat.

—Norman Stewart
Hickory, NC

On 'Protestant Politics, Religion, and American Public Life'

In his excellent article, Mark Noll claims, "It was not theology that separated the Lutherans and the reformed as much as culture," and he mentions several of Calvin's and Luther's differ-



ing emphases. I really do not think these are cultural, but theological, and they relate mainly to the two reformers' differences over the law. Calvin taught that the principal use of the law is as a guide and spur to believers to obey God. Luther was at best suspicious of this so-called *tertius usus* and at times speaks very harshly of the law's positive function. This suspicion of the *tertius usus* leads to his distinction between the two kingdoms, which obviously militates against a Calvinist approach to culture.

I sense as well a difference in their manner of theological thinking. Calvin always strikes me as linear in the structure of his thought, whereas Luther is bipolar, even paradoxical. He is always trying to hold together in tension two opposites. Witness his two kingdoms, his sharp distinction between the two covenants, and the hidden and revealed God. I think this theological difference is the chief reason Noll can speak so rightly of a "Lutheran irony," which is so lacking in American culture.

We are still shaped by Winthrop's reformed vision of a city set on a hill and are convinced that we are a nation chosen by God to bring redemption to the world. Consequently, our foreign policy can never be justified by legitimate self-interest alone, but only by some holy crusade for democracy, whether it be World War I, Vietnam, Central America, or South Africa.

A little Lutheran irony would be helpful, as well as a realization that the U.S. Constitution created our federal government for our mutual defense and general welfare. It did not and does not give the government license to save the world. Of course, one might add to the Christian right that democracy is not part of divinely revealed dogma. Theologically speaking, there was only one chosen nation, and the church, not any political, racial, or national entity, is the heir of that status under a different divine economy. The United States is a nation which has been tremendously blessed by God, but that implies the responsibility of stewardship and not divine election. We are required by God as a people to seek to do right and use our resources properly. We are not chosen by Him to conduct a holy crusade.

—William Isley
Loures, Portugal

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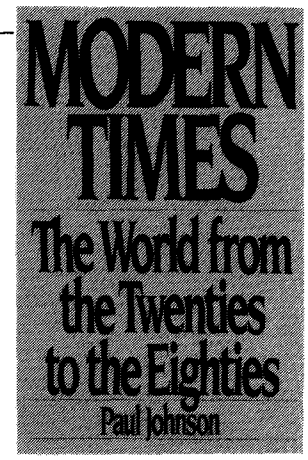

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How do you score on men and events?

Fill in the blanks with the people Paul Johnson is referring to:

"The _____ invasion [of Washington], one visiting statesman observed, was 'like watching the Borgia brothers take over a respectable north Italian town'." (Page 614)

"In the atomic field Soviet agents included Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. Morton Sobell, David Greenglass, Harry Gold, _____ (alias Alexander Stevens), to whom Whittaker Chambers acted as courier, and Jacob Golos, as well as Klaus Fuchs, who had been cleared by British security." (Page 458)

"Yet _____ was not a statist. He said he was against any attempt 'to smuggle fascism into America through the back door'. On many issues he was a liberal....He did not make anti-Semitic jokes, like Woodrow Wilson and his wife or Franklin Roosevelt. To a very wide spectrum of educated American opinion, he was the leading American public man..." (Page 243)

History Without Tears

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